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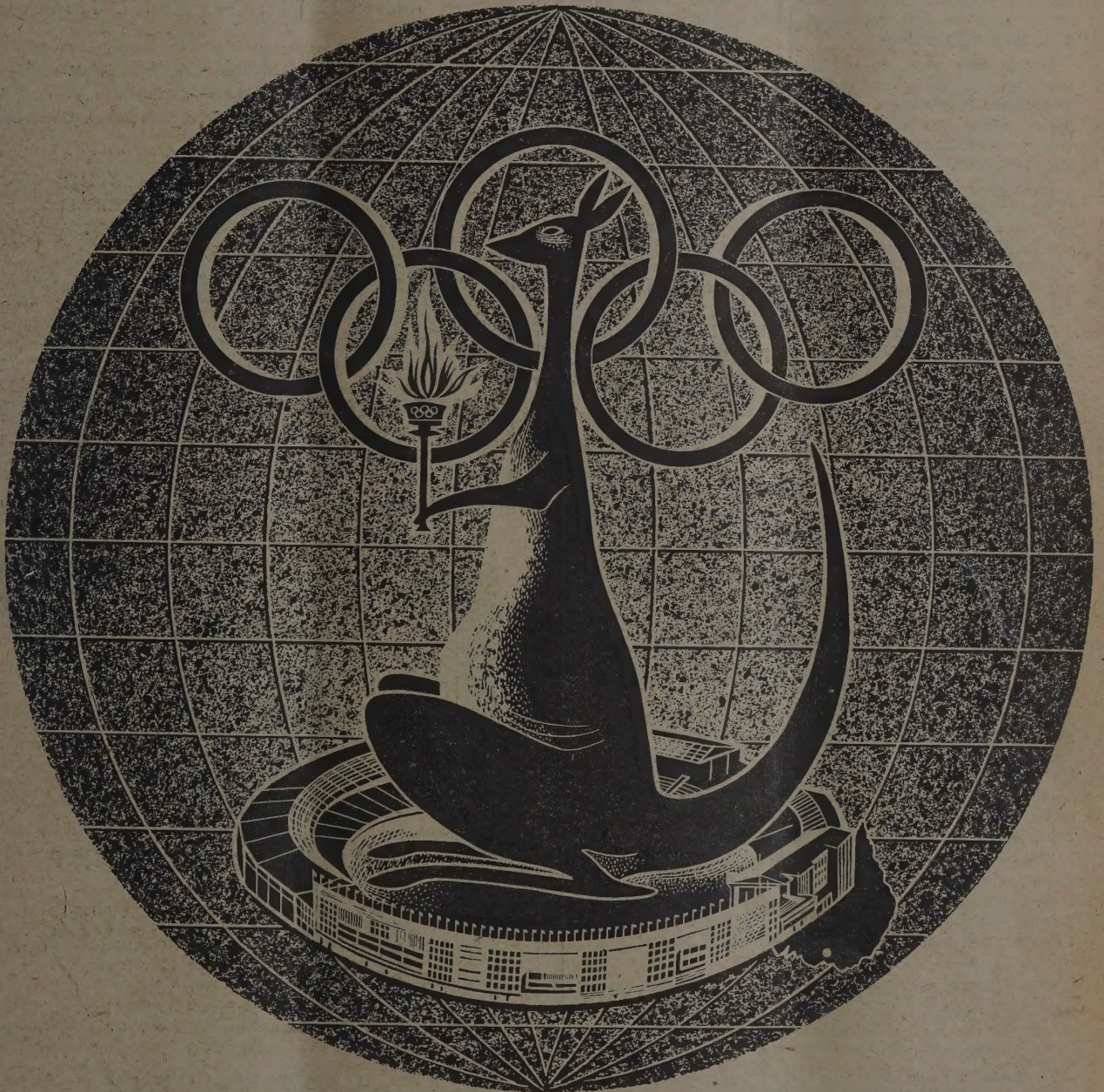
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THE REITH LECTURES—II

By Sir Edward Appleton

The Listener

Published every Thursday by the British Broadcasting Corporation



H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh opens the Olympic Games at Melbourne today

In this number:

The Dilemma before Soviet Russia (Richard Scott)

Reflections on the Bolshoi Theatre Ballet (James Monahan)

Honesty in Fiction (Anthony Quinton)



GOOD MORNING

by *PODALIRIUS*

Some people say, and think, that they take no physical exercise. Watch them getting out of bed in the morning; almost to a man—or woman—they show that they have been deceiving themselves.

Up go their arms, up and then backwards in a wide sweep that fills their lungs with air and, at the same time, compresses their bodies. If you listen you will hear that the air which was drawn deep into their lungs is being held there, or allowed to escape only very slowly and under strong pressure.

Hold your watch at arm's length, and try to hear it ticking. You will find that while you were straining your ears you automatically held your breath. So in the morning you held your breath while you stretched yourself. And for the same reason—namely, by the thrust of your body muscles against your full lungs to pump more blood into the places where more blood was needed.

We hear better when we have more blood in our brains; we get ready for the day's work by pumping blood into brain and muscles. When I stretch myself I am emptying two "lakes," as they are sometimes called by physiologists, the great "lake" of stomach and liver and other organs of digestion, and the lesser "lake" of the skin. These "lakes" were full of blood while I slept. Now that blood must be employed elsewhere.

In the line of battle of the first World War there were soldiers manning the trenches all the way from Switzerland to the North Sea. But there was also what military writers call a "mass of manoeuvre," a body of troops which could be moved about from one place to another as required. Our morning stretch is the mobilization of the mass of manoeuvre for the day's work. It is the body's "Good Morning." And it is not accomplished by muscular means only. Muscles are brought into action and controlled by nerves, and so too are blood-vessels—as anybody knows who has seen a girl blush.

If you tell your dog that you are going to take him for a walk, the odds are that he will scratch himself. His excited nervous system has caused blood to be drawn from his skin, and stomach, and pumped into his muscles in readiness for the exertion ahead. When skins are emptied of blood they tend to itch. Scratching them brings the blood back again to the itching places.

If nerves lack tone, that morning stretch will, in some degree at any rate, fail of its purpose. It will be "too little and too late," and so the whole adventure and enterprise of the day will be threatened. Not for us, in such circumstances, the Good Morning of healthy living.

* * *

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The Listener

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The Dilemma before Soviet Russia

By RICHARD SCOTT

I DO not see how we can come to any other conclusion than that Russia's actions in Hungary during the past two weeks have destroyed, for some time to come, all the hopes of closer and friendlier relations between East and West that had been developing over the past two years. These hopes had rested mainly on the acceptance by Russia of the principle of peaceful coexistence and on her recognition that there was more than one road to socialism. In the past fortnight we have watched these principles being shot to ribbons by the Soviet tanks and guns in Hungary. The Soviet liberal 'new look' has now vanished. It very much looks as though we are headed back to the Cold War. Whoever may be the real leaders in Russia today have certainly shown themselves to be the equals of Stalin for brutality and inflexibility and for their readiness ruthlessly to suppress liberty. What has been done in Hungary cannot be undone, and it will remain for ever one of the most vile chapters in the history of Soviet Communism.

But why has Russia been prepared in one blow to destroy so much of what she had been trying to create in the past two years? Her action seems to have every indication of panic. The Soviet leaders, I think, had been getting increasingly alarmed for some time at the eagerness with which the peoples of eastern Europe were seizing the opportunity for the greater freedom that had become possible since the final dethronement of Stalin. The old Stalinist leaders in the Soviet satellite states were having to give way to men who looked more to Belgrade than to Moscow for political guidance and inspiration, men who wanted to find their own way to socialism, independently of Moscow; and men who were aware of the seething discontent of their peoples and were ready to take steps to placate them, to relieve the drabness and harshness of their lives.

In order to do this it was necessary to apply the political and economic doctrines taught by Moscow much less rigidly. But the cauldron of popular discontent in eastern Europe had been allowed

to simmer for too long. A considerable head of steam had been created and a terrible dilemma faced the Soviet leaders. Either they had to reverse the policies they had followed since the death of Stalin and clamp down the lid on all this mounting discontent with the same utter ruthlessness that Stalin had shown, or they had to risk the possibility of seeing the lid blown right off in their face. It needs an extremely firm and steady hand to unscrew the lid against a great pressure of steam and to raise it slowly and under control.

The first sudden escape of steam was at Poznan last June; and the significance of this uprising was not lost on the Soviet leaders. Mr. Bulganin was sent off to tour the industrial areas of Poland where he preached the advantages of Soviet-Polish co-operation and denounced any attempt to weaken the link between the Kremlin and the east European Communist Parties. At about the same time another high Russian leader, Mr. Mikoyan, went to Budapest to try to ensure that the change in the Hungarian leadership, which followed the removal of the Stalinist Rakosi, should be carried through without any weakening of Moscow's control in the country. Already the growing evidence in eastern Europe of national communism, or Titoism, was clearly worrying the Soviet hierarchy. In July *Pravda* was screaming that only 'the politically immature and over-credulous' would fall for what it called 'this claptrap about national communism'.

Then, in September, the Soviet Communist Party sent a private directive to the parties of all the satellite states. The message it contained was a serious warning against following Yugoslavia's example in domestic and foreign affairs. Naturally enough the contents of this directive soon reached the ears of the Yugoslav leaders; and they were very angry. Above all it violated the recently concluded Soviet-Yugoslav declaration in which the two countries supported the principle of equality in the relations between states and acknowledged the right of each country to follow its own road to socialism. So Mr. Khrushchev went to try

to soothe the angry President Tito and to persuade him of the dangers of too rapid liberalisation in the states of eastern Europe. But Tito seems to have stuck to his view that if communism is to survive in eastern Europe each state or party must have an increasing measure of independence from Moscow. That was at the beginning of October. About ten days later Moscow was faced with its first major test. Mr. Gomulka had been brought back to power in Poland by a wave of anti-Soviet nationalist feeling far more widespread and violent than that which had driven President Tito to break with the Cominform eight years earlier. On October 18 Mr. Khrushchev and other top Soviet leaders flew to the Polish capital. At the same time Soviet divisions in Poland moved towards Warsaw and Soviet naval units sailed into the Baltic ports. Soviet military and naval might was poised, ready to reinforce Mr. Khrushchev's representations to the Polish leaders.

The Incredible Happens

But the incredible happened. Mr. Gomulka and his Government stood firm in their demands for independence. Mr. Khrushchev and his party returned to Moscow and the Soviet forces to their barracks. The Poles had won what they called their 'cold revolution'. It was a turning point in Moscow's relations with its satellites. And before the Soviet leaders had recovered from this shattering blow they were faced with the uprising in Hungary. Moscow had to decide—and decide quickly—whether to impose its will on Hungary by armed force and so kill stone dead its policy of coexistence and at the same time destroy the whole basis of its appeal to the uncommitted nations, or whether to allow the uprising to take its course and passively watch the disintegration of the Soviet empire which must almost inevitably have followed. We know which decision the Russians took. It has been the most ruthless and bloody repression that the Soviets have ever attempted outside their own country. I doubt if the whole history of colonialism contains a more brutal example of the suppression of a subject people.

Why has Russia been prepared to take a step which has brought her such hatred and contempt from virtually the whole world, including large numbers of communists throughout the western countries, and which has struck so deep a blow at the policies on which she seemed to set such store? She has clearly not done it for the sake of the Hungarian people in the honest belief that their interests lie in the continuation of communism in their country. Why, then, has Russia been ready to pay so big a price to keep communism in Hungary? Ultimately, it must be because of Russia's conception of her own security. If Hungary had been allowed with impunity to move away from communism and away from Moscow's control it is almost certain that sooner or later she would have been followed by the other states of eastern Europe. Moscow has built up this east European empire primarily as a buffer between herself and the capitalist countries which she regards as a continuing threat to her security. Only through communism can she hope to maintain her control over her satellites; and only if they are under her control does Moscow seem to think that they will continue to provide an effective buffer. If only Moscow could come to realise, or be persuaded, that she did not need to control these eastern European states in order that they should serve her security needs, I believe we could have a new and real basis for coexistence in Europe, and a real prospect for the east European states to regain their independence.

I am thinking of the possibility of Russia and the West agreeing to recognise the neutrality of a broad belt stretching right across the heart of Europe from Scandinavia, through the satellites, to Yugoslavia. If the Great Powers—or better still, perhaps, if the United Nations—could give some formal undertaking to respect and maintain the neutrality of these countries, surely this would meet Russia's security needs and at the same time allow her to relinquish her grip on her satellite states. I believe it is up to the Western Powers to take the initiative in proposing some such

plan to the Russians. The tragedy of Hungary has not only made it more urgent but also more possible of success. By her treatment of Hungary Russia has created for herself an appalling problem, not only in Hungary itself but throughout eastern Europe.

Even inside Russia the Hungarians' fantastically brave fight for freedom may leave its mark. For one thing, some at least of the Soviet troops who have been fighting in Hungary will return to Russia: and some of them must have been disgusted at the brutalities they have been ordered to carry out, in the name of communist solidarity, against the population of Hungary. Not all of them can have been blind to the fact that what had happened in Hungary was a genuinely popular uprising—that it had the full support of, indeed owed its vigour to, the ordinary working man and woman. There have been well-authenticated reports of Soviet tank-crews in Hungary refusing to fire on the unarmed mobs, and of others going over to the Hungarian nationalists. It is possible that those returning soldiers will talk about what they have seen in Hungary and that they will add to the, no doubt thin, ranks of those inside Russia herself who are looking for changes in the regime. The Russians themselves admit that there are such people.

But more important than this is the effect of the Hungarian massacre on the peoples of the Soviet satellites. By sending in her troops to crush the Hungarian revolt Russia certainly has not crushed the passionate desire of these peoples for freedom. Conceivably they may now be cowed in those countries, such as Czechoslovakia, Rumania, and Bulgaria, which have not themselves attempted any serious revolution; but they have not been made any fonder of their imposed communist regimes. Certainly their bitter hatred of the Russians has been further increased. In the event of a war Russia must realise that they could never be induced to fight for her and that, on the contrary, they would seize the opportunity to rise up and strike her where and how they could.

So, if it came to war, this buffer of satellite states would in fact hardly contribute to Russia's security. A belt of independent neutral states might well give her more. And the prospect of having to keep the peoples of eastern Europe in subjection by force, and for years, cannot be a happy one for the Russians. But that is the prospect that Russia faces unless she is prepared to allow these countries the liberties that the people of Hungary have shown themselves prepared to die for. Where liberty has begun to take root it grows; and communism has yet to prove that it can live side by side with liberty. In their treatment of Hungary and Poland during the next few days and weeks the Soviet leaders may show how they intend to deal with this dilemma: whether they are going to revert to the full-scale repression employed by Stalin, or whether they are going to permit a growing measure of independence in their satellite empire, at the risk of seeing it break apart.

A New Security System in Europe?

If the West can do anything to encourage the Russians to follow this second course it should obviously do so. We should lose no time in putting to the Russians the suggestion that a new security system in Europe might be worked out—a system based on as large as possible a grouping of neutral states between Russia and the Nato powers. If Russia could see her own interests clearly I am sure she would realise that they would be served best by giving the east European states their independence on the understanding that they accepted the same sort of neutral role that Austria willingly assumed as the price of her independence.

The West should be prepared to make it as easy as possible for Russia to accept some such solution to the problem of eastern Europe and of European security—and incidentally also of the German problem. I see no other practical way in which we can help the people of Poland and Hungary and the other east European states in their struggle for freedom and independence.

—Home Service

A New Awareness in France

By PIERRE EMMANUEL

IN my opinion there is a changing climate in France: others may not agree with me, but I want to give the evidence I have for my view.

During the first week of the Hungarian national revolt, there were no big manifestations here in favour of Hungary. Problem number one was the Suez conflict: public opinion was more unanimous than in Britain, and, apart from the Communists, there had been few protests against our common action in the canal area. The Hungarian insurrection was viewed with sympathy; but one hoped the Hungarians would find with the Russians the same *modus vivendi* as the Poles. Restless agitation and the return of the reactionary forces were generally held to be dangerous for the future of Hungary and indeed of that part of Europe. Everyone agreed that Russia would not tolerate any further contamination among its satellites, but that it would yield to compromise and relax its hold upon them.

Then, suddenly, the monstrosity happened: on November 4 the Russian army moved to crush the Hungarian insurrection. No sooner had the ferocious repression begun than a formidable wave of protest swept all over the country. That protest reached a climax in the students' demonstration of November 7, when the headquarters of the French Communist Party was burned down. A Communist counter-manifestation the next day found no one in front of the rioters except the police forces, thus making it clear that no Fascist elements had ever intended to provoke a Fascist-Communist clash.

A week after the burning down of the Communist Party building, the situation of the French party appears as follows: the nation-wide reaction against the Budapest coup has turned even their staunchest fellow-travellers against the French Communists. Jean-Paul Sartre made public a statement which, in the strongest possible terms, disavows the Russian repressive methods and puts the blame for the Hungarian revolt upon the twelve years of stupid policy Hungary has endured under the satellite regime. Sartre has also decided to break off all relations with the Russian intellectuals. The National Committee of Writers, placed under Communist auspices, has seen its membership melt away in the last few days; and was obliged to cancel its annual charity sale for fear of a total failure and tell-tale demonstrations. A group of Communist writers, who for the past few months had been considered as a potential opposition inside the party, issued a protest that led to immediate disciplinary sanctions from the party heads. The fringe of intellectuals who hoped for a liberalisation of the Communist doctrine has dwindled until it is almost non-existent. But it must be said in all fairness that those little circles represent only themselves, and that the influence of the intellectuals is limited to small 'chapels': even among the students Sartre's influence, for instance, has consistently decreased in the last years.

On the other hand, the Russian attitude has been endorsed without restriction by the Communist leaders. They profess that Hungary, had not the Russian army interfered, would have fallen into the hands of the Horthy clique, an evil Russia had to prevent for the sake of the socialist revolution. For ten days now, the Communist newspapers have

emphasised the fascist menace both in Hungary and in France. They insist upon a renewed watchfulness on the part of all 'republicans'. In their jargon, that means the Communist voters and that part of left-wing opinion which has not abandoned all hope for a new Popular Front in better times. They hammer on the brains of the faithful the conviction that the attack against the Communist Party headquarters is part of a Fascist plot. They announce a drastic purge that will throw out of the party the members weak-minded enough to have become the tools of the reaction. They mobilise their gangs to create disorders in the street—a training which they lacked in recent years and which proves useful to stir up their aggressiveness.

In short, the Communists are on the warpath: with good reasons, too; for their clientele, composed mostly of malcontents, puts its faith in the party only as long as it proves its force. The stakes are big: 25 per cent. of the French vote for the Communist ticket. Yet the national Communist newspaper, *L'Humanité*, has less than 200,000 readers, so that the majority of those who vote Communist are liable to be upset by the news they read in non-Communist papers or hear on the radio—which, incidentally, has made 'hot' news of the facts. It is vital for the Communist Party to strengthen its grip on politically uneducated masses; their discontent has economic causes, which might well be aggravated by the present situation. The party may, without risk, sacrifice the membership of a little intellectual bunch: it cannot lose part of its influence on the

Communist-led trade unions or on the peasants. Thorez, Duclos, and the other Communist bosses know well enough that moral consciousness is aroused among their own troops: to counteract such a feeling they have found the manoeuvre in our policy in Algeria and Egypt. With the utmost speed, they have launched against French imperialism a campaign which in the present disarray of opinion might prove at least partially fruitful.

Such a gross diversion may be thought too time-serving to be of any effect: I do not think so. Events—even the biggest and most terrifying—quickly sink into oblivion. Moreover, the display of Russian strength may have increased, in the very souls of the average voters, a mixture of fear and expectation which is a disease difficult to cure, though easy to inoculate again and again. The Communist shock-troops battling in the streets of Paris made no secret of the fact that there was nothing to do but yield to Russian force: they were conscious of being the vanguard of that armed strength. Base as it may seem, the argument resting upon fear cannot be lightheartedly dismissed, especially if new developments in the Middle East deal a lasting blow to the prestige of France. One has every reason to believe that Communist propaganda would then in a very short time recover the majority of those people who, after having obediently followed it, now turn their backs on it in horror. Were they to be admitted again to the Land of Promise, they would have to pay dearly for it by a renewed and unreserved submission.

You may ask why I put the Communist Party so much in the forefront. It is a fair question; after all, three-fourths of the French people are non-Communists, and most of them anti-Communists. But the



M. Jean-Paul Sartre, who has disavowed Soviet repressive methods and broken off relations with Russian intellectuals



M. Pierre Mendès-France, the 'lonely man' in French politics who has become leader of the Radical Party

mere presence of the Communist Party has sterilised French political life. In spite of the fragmentary parties which form the outside picture of our parliament, political activities in normal times would be led by the two traditional tendencies whose struggle has made contemporary France: the right and the left. Recent events—the collapse of the Poujadist group for instance—have shown that there is no active extreme-right any more in this country. The right-wing elements are conservative, lacking in imagination, but lacking also—thank God!—in the spirit of reckless adventure: no dictator is in view. Altogether, they are more united than the would-be left-wing parties.

No Popular Platform for the Left

The Left, with the Communist Party on their left flank, have not succeeded in finding a popular platform which would have given them, if not a majority in the country, at least a comfortable minority. The so-called 'Republican Front', born from the electoral alliance of the Socialists and the Radicals, lasted a few weeks only. When the Socialists came into power, they had a difficult time finding a majority that would work without the Communist votes: they sought allies as far as they could on their right, and yet gained some of their votes of confidence by sheer grace of the Communist deputies. Their whole policy suffered from the start from the lack of a real majority in the Chamber. In order to stay in power—no other party was prepared or willing to overthrow them—they had to sacrifice the most part of the Socialist platform, a necessity which is less and less accepted by the bulk of their followers. To be a Socialist and carry out a right-wing policy with the blessing of the so-called 'reactionary' forces is not an easy situation for a leader who, owing to his links with the common man in his party, cannot help being a bit of a demagogue. To crown it all, the Radical Party, under Mendès-France's impulse, is trying to outflank the Socialists on their left, at least in matters of foreign policy and the Algerian problem.

This new phenomenon deserves a more precise analysis, for it is the most interesting, and to my mind the most promising, that has happened during the last ten years on the French political scene. A lonely figure for years, Mendès-France has none the less gained, through rare but remarkable speeches at crucial moments, and through his startling effectiveness after Dien Bien Phu, a great personal prestige, coupled with highly mixed feelings on the part of the Assembly. In the space of three years the lonely man in French politics has become the leader of the Radical Party. This is no miracle, and Mendès-France is no enigma, though he is outside the categories of the average politician.

The Mendès-France myth, which has taken various shapes in France and abroad, may be reduced to the simple fact that he is a question-mark for the future: what will he do? what can he do? Up to now, he has had no opportunity to exercise the kind of power he is aiming at, a power more like the American President's than the French Prime Minister's. But how can he be invested with such a power, French politics being what they are, an unstable compromise within temporary coalitions? The problem, for Mendès-France, was to build up a political machine that would act as an attraction centre for the left-centre and the left-wing parties. He has been for twenty years a member of the Radical Party, the only political association in France whose basis is an aggregate of interests coupled with doctrinal freedom. By and large, those interests are middle-class, but viewed with a liberal spirit: the party is open both sides. Mendès-France has availed himself of that elasticity, and deepened his influence on the local federations by a series of underground moves. The bigwigs, more and more pressed upon by the younger members, had no choice but to be integrated or isolated in Mendès-France's action. The key to Mendès-France's conquest of his party is simple: he has voiced the growing conviction that politics must be practical—a matter of using French resources in men and power for the best. He has also invited young French people to join political life and take their rights in their own hands. At the last party convention in Lyon, he had enough members on his side—some of them new ones—to force the old bosses to schism. The Radical Party has split in two, but the detached fraction, although important on paper, is little more than a panel of old party bosses.

The Young Radical Leaders

Mendès-France has now a political instrument: how will it work? It is less homogeneous than it seems, and continues to show no discipline of vote. It has its left wing and right wing, and its need of a common doctrine, though general, remains confused. This—a handicap as long as

immediate action is concerned—is less dangerous in the long run, for the so-called Radical doctrine implies no ideology but the definition of practical aims. The vast majority of the young Radical leaders are technicians in various fields: they fight for 'planification', and they work hard to build up both wide national programmes and the *élites* who will eventually achieve them. Their timing is not one we have been used to in recent French politics: they want to be ready for future action, but do not expect to come into the open for a few years, that is to say until the 1960 general elections. That is why they sometimes hurt the followers of Mendès-France by abstaining. Meanwhile, they fill key posts in French administration, economy, and education where ideas and practical achievements are making them a growing and lasting force.

Behind the screen of French politics today, such changes, though less spectacular than the type of emotional landslide ideological dreamers are always hoping for, are swiftly modifying the old conception of politics, especially among the young. Whoever says that the younger generation in France is apolitical tends to confuse doctrinal positions with practical aims. French youth knew, only a few years ago, a state of semi-despair whose reflection could be found in post-war literature. Five years ago a young French student thought only of getting a good job and keeping quiet. Now the same man thinks of getting a good job in order to make something worth while: he believes in the technical world, not only for himself but for his own sake. He wants France to become a public concern. That state of mind is shared by his elders, and first of all by those in their forties who have escaped Communist influence: the speech of Recteur Sarraillh at the opening ceremony in the Sorbonne showed a deep change in mentality among the academic body. Such strong undercurrents would carry with them a promise of healthy evolution in normal times. Still the question remains: are our times normal, and shall we be patient, or is there time enough to let grow the seeds of natural change?

The Problem of Algeria

The answer may lie with the gods. But, without taking the auspices, let us sum up the present difficulties which prevent us from looking for a too hopeful future. First of all, the Algerian question: 500,000 French soldiers are in Algeria; thus the whole nation is concerned in the turn events will take there. But there has been, so far, no unity of will as to what solution should be found: everyone realises it does not depend on us only. In my opinion, the majority of the French would favour an independent Algeria retaining strong links with France: but government declarations, and the feeling that we are unable to grasp the problem entirely, confuse public opinion and create sterile divisions on methods if not on principles, a confusion all to the benefit of the Communist Party. Secondly, there are signs of a latent economic crisis, which the Algerian situation on the one hand, the Suez problem and the lack of fuel on the other, might stir up in the very near future.

Last, but not least, there is the whole Soviet-Asian complex. After the Budapest coup and the Russian interference in the Middle East, people here are beginning to realise the world strategy of Russia and accessorially the Bandung nations. The petty disputes on Europe and the Atlantic alliance should normally vanish before the danger for the West of being outflanked within the next decade: but creeping anti-Americanism, be it from the right or the left, is still deeply effective, not to speak of the ugly fear of Russia. Inevitably, the future of France and the new look in French politics will depend on the strengthening of the West.—*Third Programme*

Among recent historical memoirs are: *The Merry Wives of Battersea and Gossip of Three Centuries*, by A. W. M. Stirling (Hale, 21s.); *The Life of Thomas Cranmer*, by Theodore Maynard (Staples, 18s.); *The Great Tudors*, edited by Katherine Garvin (Eyre and Spottiswoode, 25s.); *The Maid of Orleans*, by Sven Stolpe (Burns and Oates, 25s.); *Jenny Lind*, by Joan Bulman (James Barrie, 25s.); *Elizabethan Quintet*, by Denis Meadows (Longmans, 15s.); *Ferdinand de Lesseps*, by Charles Beatty (Eyre and Spottiswoode, 30s.); *The Reign of King Covenant*, by Jane Lane (Hale, 21s.); and *David Crockett: the Man and the Legend*, by James Atkins Shackford (Oxford, for North Carolina, 48s.). Other recent history books are: *A Short History of the West Indies*, by J. H. Parry and P. M. Sherlock (Macmillan, 18s.); *Italy*, by Gerardo Zampaglione (Benn 'Nations of the Modern World' Series, 30s.); *The Story of Ireland*, by Brian Inglis (Faber, 16s.); *The Growth and Culture of Latin America*, by G. D. E. Worcester and W. G. Schaeffer (Oxford, 50s.); *Feudal Britain*, by G. W. S. Barrow (Arnold, 25s.); *Anglo-Saxon England*, by P. H. Blair (Cambridge, 30s.).

The Changing Picture in Poland

By GUY HADLEY, B.B.C. special correspondent

THE danger of a Russian military intervention in Poland, like the one in Hungary, seems to be receding, and there is a marked relaxation in Warsaw, after the recent tension. The underlying issue still remains: how far the new Polish revolution will go, and how far Moscow will allow it to go.

The movement in Poland towards greater freedom can be dated back to the twentieth Soviet Communist Party Congress in Moscow last February, which dethroned Stalin; and possibly even earlier. But the process was greatly accelerated during the summer, after the grim warning of the Poznan riots. When I ask my Polish friends about the effects on their own lives I receive a variety of answers. There are two points, however, on which they all agree: that they have recovered a real measure of personal freedom but their living standards remain, in their own words, 'worse than those of any other Communist country'.

As regards personal freedom, Poland has gone much further than any other Communist regime in removing the worst abuses of the Stalin terror: the dreaded U.B., Security Police, has been considerably purged, its formerly unlimited powers greatly reduced, and its functions changed to those of a counter-espionage organisation, responsible to the Government through the Ministry of the Interior. There may still be some abuses, but the Poles no longer have that constant, jagged fear of being suddenly roused in the night and dragged off to prison.

Another example is the Polish press. For the past six months at least many Polish newspapers have dropped their old servile obedience to Communist orders, and have been remarkably outspoken in their attacks on injustice. The new Polish leaders have accepted this, and all through the recent crisis Mr. Gomulka was holding frequent conferences with the chief editors in Warsaw, keeping them posted on the situation. There is still a press censorship, but lately its main function has been to prevent the spreading of alarmist reports which might have made an already dangerous situation still worse. To this one can add that it is now far easier for a Pole to get a passport for visiting a western country.

Many Poles will now talk freely to western visitors, which only a few months ago was a risky thing to do. But most of them are still wary

of visiting a western home in Warsaw: that may be partly due to the poverty which makes it hard for them to return such hospitality.

Another reform is that the Poles are now allowed to possess dollars and other foreign currencies, as well as gold and platinum. An important change in this strongly Roman Catholic country is the return of Cardinal Wyszynski to his post as Primate, and the release of a number of Bishops who have also resumed their duties. Relations between Church and State are being examined by a special joint committee, headed on the government side by a Minister, Mr. Stzachelski, with a seat in the Council of State. Cardinal Wyszynski has expressed his confidence that relations will improve.

On the economic side, however, the picture is more confused. The Yugoslav idea of Workers' Councils has now been adopted in Poland, to give the workers a share in the management of their factories, but it has still to be worked out in practice. The Communist Government has called for a limited return to private enterprise in shops and small family businesses. The system of political commissars in Polish merchant ships and trawlers has been abolished. Such changes make little difference to the city population, which continues to suffer from shocking overcrowding, a scarcity of consumer goods, and high food prices which take most of the family budget.

In the countryside, where a majority of Poles still live, the past few months, and even weeks, have brought rapid changes. In many collective farms the members are said to be downing tools and walking out, while many private farmers are failing to make their compulsory deliveries to the state. It has just been announced that in the first week of October these compulsory deliveries produced over 80,000 tons of grain, but in the first week of this month the figure dropped to 15,000 tons. The Government has said that unproductive collective farms will be dissolved, that the private farmers will get state aid, and that restrictions on the sale and inheritance of land will be abolished. Clearly, however, the position in the countryside is causing great anxiety, and agricultural policy has now become one of the most sharply debated issues in Poland.—*From Our Own Correspondent* (Home Service)

Hungary's New Prime Minister

PETER RALEIGH, B.B.C. special correspondent, on Janos Kadar

IN the past week, we in Vienna have heard over Budapest radio one statement after another issued by Janos Kadar, the Prime Minister installed by the Russians: his intentions, his promises that some kind of elections will be held, and his appeals to workers to end the general strike. I have been talking to one or two Hungarian refugees about Kadar. Who is Janos Kadar—the man who was prepared to support the Russians in their attempt to re-establish control over Hungary? And this is what they told me.

Janos Kadar, of working-class origin, has been a Communist since his late teens, and now he is a man in the middle forties. During the war he was a member of a small underground movement, largely Communist, which was harried and sought for by the Horthy police. He was captured by them, but escaped to the Russians as they advanced into Hungary in the late autumn of 1944. Thus, unlike Imre Nagy and other Hungarian Communist leaders who spent the war in Moscow, Janos Kadar, like Marshal Tito, had seen the fighting in his homeland.

After the war, when the Hungarian Communist Party had swallowed up the Democratic Parties of Hungary, Kadar was an important Communist leader. He was a member of the Politburo; he became Minister of the Interior. Then came the trial of Laszlo Rajk on charges of Titoism and his execution. Later, Kadar himself was arrested. He was accused of spying, treason, and Titoism. There was never a public trial but for more than two years he was held by the Hungarian Secret Police, and I am told that during that time he was horribly tortured.

With the death of Stalin and a change in the Kremlin, Kadar was released from prison and thereafter held mainly the fairly unimportant position of Secretary of the Thirteenth District of the Budapest Communist Party.

But his record as a Titoist, his period of imprisonment, had convinced many people that he was at least a Hungarian Communist. A member of one of the revolutionary committees which sprang up in Budapest during the early days of the uprising three weeks ago said that they were pleased at that time to hear that he was working with the Prime Minister, Imre Nagy. They thought Kadar an honest man. Now they were at a loss to understand how he could have committed this treachery.

This attitude towards Kadar is a revealing one, for on the whole those Hungarians I had talked to in Vienna do not say: 'Well, what can you expect of Communists?' They are at pains to stress that the battle for freedom in Hungary is one in which the whole Hungarian people, with few exceptions, is united against the Russians. Refugees have also emphasised that those who bore the burden of the fighting against Russian domination were precisely those sections of the community who might have been expected by Stalinist teaching to be loyal to Moscow—the workers, the army, and the students. The exceptions to general unity are largely the members of the Secret Police—those, in fact, who tortured Janos Kadar, the leader of the present Hungarian puppet regime.

—*From Our Own Correspondent* (Home Service)

The Listener

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks. Original contributions are not invited, with the exception of poems and short stories up to 3,000 words, which should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rate (including postage): £1 6s. sterling; overseas, £1 4s. sterling. Shorter periods pro rata. Postage for single copies of this number: inland 2d.; overseas 1½d.; Canada, 1d. Subscriptions should be sent to B.B.C. Publications, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, or to usual agents.

What They Are Saying

More foreign broadcasts on Hungary and Egypt

HUNGARY AND THE MIDDLE EAST were the focal points for radio and press comment last week, and some speakers took advantage of the lull in operations to examine the situation. As regards Hungary, Soviet and satellite commentators repeated the allegations that the insurrection was the work of 'counter-revolutionaries'. One of them stressed that the primary object of the latter had been to detach Hungary from the countries of the Warsaw Treaty, and added:

Had the counter-revolution succeeded in doing this, Hungarian patriotic forces would not have been strong enough alone to smash the united front of illegal fascist centres and subversive groups which had been thrown into Hungary from the West.

A Chinese commentator on Peking radio had no hesitation in naming the U.S.A. as one of the Powers responsible for organising the uprising in Hungary, and in justifying the use of Soviet troops. He said:

It would be best if the Hungarian Government itself could successfully suppress the fascist armed revolt backed by the West, but without Soviet aid Hungary today could only become a fascist hell and imperialist outpost for overthrowing various other east European people's democracies and engineering a new world war.

The same speaker, however, added that the rebels were not all fascists, and that this made the events in Hungary more complex. He went on:

After order is fully restored in Hungary, people will see more clearly what the Hungarian people actually demanded, and whether the Soviet Union has damaged or, in fact, defended Hungary's independence, sovereignty, and territorial integrity.

In America, *The New York Times* is quoted as summing up the situation in these words:

The Hungarian revolution was the work of the overwhelming majority of the people of Hungary, goaded beyond endurance by more than a decade of Communist oppression. The Nagy Government was pledged to create workers' control of industry, justice for farmers, restoration of national independence, and free elections. There was nothing fascist about it or about the mass movement behind it. The Government was drowned in blood by Soviet troops who moved in under the cover of base treachery, after the Soviet Union representatives had lied as to their intentions.

Surveying the position in the Middle East, a Moscow speaker said:

Taking stock of the present situation, one can say that the aggression of Britain, France, and Israel against Egypt has shown yet against that nowadays it is impossible to solve controversial international questions, with the aid of arms, that the 'from positions of strength' policy has been condemned by history and that its application results in new defects and resounding failure for the imperialists.

Moscow radio speakers again quoted the official Soviet statement that the Soviet Union would do nothing to oppose Russian 'volunteers' from fighting 'shoulder to shoulder with the Egyptian people for the eviction of the aggressors from Egyptian soil' if the Anglo-French forces were not withdrawn. Commenting on this point, the *Times of India* is quoted as saying:

The implication that in permitting the 'volunteers' to enter Egypt, the Soviet Government is neither responsible nor directly involved is totally unacceptable. Since it is within the power of the Soviet Union to prevent such 'volunteers'—if indeed they do exist—from offering their services, the Soviet authorities themselves will be responsible.

Yugoslav opinion has been critical of Anglo-French action in Egypt, and a Belgrade commentator suggested the possibility of Britain and France

using the presence of foreign troops, even though stationed in Egypt by order of the U.N., to exert pressure on Egypt to renounce the nationalisation of the Suez Canal, in which event they might receive the support of certain states which opposed nationalisation.

Another broadcast from Zagreb ridiculed the reports of a plan for a general Soviet-Arab attack on Israel as having 'all the characteristics of a journalistic canard', while a third Yugoslav speaker asked whether the object was 'to justify the aggression itself or the failure to attain the aims of this adventure'.

A Polish view, broadcast by Warsaw radio, was that:

The course of aggression against Egypt has proved that antagonistic military blocs are gradually becoming obsolete, and that it was imperative to organise a system of armed security guaranteeing peace and sovereignty, as well as territorial integrity, to all states.

The XVIth Olympiad

THE founder of the modern Olympic Games, Baron Pierre de Coubertin, expressed the hope that they would lead to the spread of chivalry and the strengthening of peace through mutual understanding and respect. Everyone will wish that the XVIth Olympiad, which is being opened today by the Duke of Edinburgh upon the Melbourne cricket ground, where Sir Donald Bradman once used to compile his centuries, will contribute to so admirable an end. Unfortunately these Games are held nowadays when wars or threats of war persist. When the last Olympic Games took place in Helsinki the Korean war was still being waged, Dr. Moussadek was rising to power in Persia, and King Farouk was being forced to abdicate. Different men now rule in Teheran and Cairo, but the might of Soviet Russia and the maelstroms of the Middle East still cast dark shadows as far across the globe as Australia. Newspaper commentators can write that 'there is nothing like an international sporting event for creating ill-feeling' and the International Olympic Committee has reminded competitors that the Games are something more than national contests.

The precedent of Helsinki recalls possible difficulties ahead. There the Communists isolated their athletes in a separate camp and prevented their nationals from attending the Games at all as spectators. Indeed the original Soviet plan was reported to be one of flying their team back to Leningrad every night. The Chinese Communists (who are not taking part this year) arrived after the Games were over in order to show their flag and then informed the Finnish press inconsequentially that in China 2,000,000 people did exercises to the radio each morning. Nevertheless from the time that the great Finnish athlete Nurmi lit the sacred flame in the arena until Zatopek of Czechoslovakia carried off his three gold medals these Games were a success, and it is to be hoped that in Melbourne too, in spite of contemporary tribulations, they will justify the aspirations of the organisers.

The B.B.C. has sent a strong team to report the events which will give 'sound only' a special opportunity. Last time, apart from Zatopek, the Americans carried off most of the gold medals for the field and track events (though Colonel Llewellyn and his famous Foxhunter helped to win one gold medal for British sportsmen). This year the Americans and Russians are expected to distinguish themselves the most. One may suppose that this reflects the distribution of power in the world in which we live, just as the carriage of the Olympic torch part of the way to Australia in a Canberra jet bomber aircraft lends a peculiarly up-to-date touch to the proceedings. In 1952 the sports editor of the *Daily Worker* noted that 'the Soviet Union and People's Democracies and even America have an approach to sport different from ours' and thought that 'the British attitude to amateurism' was 'too rigid'. But Mr. Philip Noel-Baker, then the commandant of the British Olympic team, wrote that 'we won more than medals' and 'the Olympic spirit triumphed over difficulties which some people thought would be extremely grave'. May it be the same at Melbourne.

Did You Hear That?

THE VALUE OF SYMPATHY

MATILDA TALBOT, C.B.E., is the occupier of Lacock Abbey, Chippenham, Wiltshire, which she presented to the National Trust in 1944. In 1945 she presented the Lacock Abbey copy of King Henry III's confirmation of Magna Carta to the British Museum. During the war she received at Lacock Abbey a number of billetees and elementary schoolchildren and many units of the army. This week, in a series of talks being given in the West of England Home Service, entitled 'Dear to My Heart', she spoke of the value of human sympathy and understanding between peoples.

'It was a wonderful experience', she said, 'to be sent over to the United States by our Government, in the *Queen Elizabeth*, after I had presented Magna Carta to the British Museum. Arrangements had been made that the document should be lent to Congress Library at Washington for two years, and I was invited to be present at the ceremony, when our Ambassador, Lord Inverchapel, formally handed it to the Librarian. It was all most impressive, and the audience was sympathetic, both when listening to his speech, and also to mine, and applauded us enthusiastically.

'Practically all the people I met during that visit were friends of Great Britain. Many of them knew Lacock Abbey and to some extent the village, and they were interested when I told them what an unusual village Lacock was, not only for the beauty of its medieval houses but for the character of its people, so courteous, so welcoming to strangers and foreigners, and so free from narrow class prejudice. They are proud of their beautiful church and village, and of their own position in it, and they love to show it to visitors. There is certainly harmony here and a strong sense of sharing.

'On my homeward voyage, I knew no one among the passengers. I happened to be put at a table with four other people, one Dutch and three French. The Dutchman was rather shy and not entirely at home in either French or English; the other three knew each other well, one was an elderly man, head of some big industrial concern, another was a middle-aged banker, and the third was his sister-in-law. They talked eagerly together in French; and though I occasionally tried to join in, I felt rather out of it all. But we gradually got to know each other better. On the second day out, the old Frenchman turned



Lacock Abbey, Wiltshire, from the Avon

to me and said: "Do not believe what you may sometimes read in French newspapers about England. Everyone of us that has any true knowledge of the facts, knows what we owe to your country. You stood alone to defend the world against a fierce and powerful aggressor—we respect and honour you from the bottom of our hearts, and we can never forget what we owe to you". I was deeply touched, all the more because the other people at the table, French and Dutch alike, supported what he said.

'We all know that mutual understanding is a most important part of human friendships, but it can be spread over a much wider field than it usually is. It can touch temporary acquaintanceship and even the briefest of meetings. It is full of the unexpected. The whole question of harmony is involved in it. In our contacts with other people, we must feel one of three things—either a definite sense of antagonism, or, may be, a completely neutral impression, to which neither party appears to make any contribution, but best of all is that mysterious sense of sympathy, often apparent in the first moment of introduction, when something passes at once from one to the other and, from that instant, enriches the lives of both. I have often felt, when meeting with a sympathy like this, that surely the person with whom I have so much in common cannot have come into my life only this afternoon, we must surely have known each other for years. These mutual impressions at a first meeting are beyond our control, but we have more power to deal with them than we realise. When the feeling of antagonism arises, half at least of this is in ourselves, and often the best plan is to drive it out, by turning the conversation, or, may be, the silence, which can be just as antagonistic, on to some visible thing, a flower, a growing plant, a dog, in connection with which we may lose the sense of antagonism and may even feel in sympathy'.

THE ORDEAL OF EMMA SHARP

'It happened at Laisterdyke, near Bradford in 1864', said RONALD LLOYD in 'The Northcountryman'. 'At number 68 New Lane there lived, with her husband, Mrs. Emma Sharp. She was about thirty-two years old and rather above average height. Her husband worked at Bowling Ironworks. The whole thing started when an Australian woman came to England and, as a stunt, tried to walk 1,000 miles in 1,000 hours. She failed. When Mrs. Sharp heard about it she immediately said, "Why, I could do that myself!"



Medieval houses in the village of Lacock and, right, part of the Abbey tithe barn

Her husband said, "Nonsense, no woman could". Whereupon Mrs. Sharp replied, "I can do it—and what's more I will". And in spite of all that her husband did to dissuade her she went ahead with her plans.

'As she could neither read nor write she got a friend to approach the Peel Park Gala Committee to see if she could do the walk in Peel Park. They said, "Sorry, but it would take about six weeks, and we haven't any authority to close the park and charge admission for so long". Even this did not daunt Mrs. Sharp. She went to see the landlord of the Quarry Gap Hotel at Laisterdyke, and he agreed to make the necessary arrangements for the walk to be attempted in the City Sporting Grounds, next door to his hotel. Mrs. Sharp, who was no fool, stipulated that she should get a fair share of the gate-money; when I tell you 100,000 people paid to come in, you will see how well she did out of it.

'She started on the morning of September 17, 1864. She was wearing long black trousers, a long black frock-coat, laced boots, a white waistcoat, a shirt with a turn-down collar, a frilly, lacy sort of jabot round her neck, and on her head an enormous, drooping straw-hat trimmed with white feathers. She carried a light cane in her hand. A straight course of 120 yards had been railed off, and up and down this course she walked, having a rest every two miles in a private room in the hotel with "two female attendants".

'Soon after she started people began to lay bets on the outcome. When it began to look as if she was going to succeed, as there were some heavy wagers at stake, all sorts of obstructionist tactics were used in an attempt to stop her. At night men tried to jostle her, and trip her up, and one man even tried to chloroform her! Things got so bad that she had to have a man walking in front carrying a loaded musket; she herself discarded the cane, and carried a pistol in each hand; she appealed to Chief Constable Granham of Bradford for police protection, and he sent her eighteen policemen disguised as butchers. At a quarter past five on the morning of October 29, 1864, in the presence of 21,000 people and to the triumphant strains of Bowling Brass Band, she completed her last mile saying, not surprisingly, "I'll never try it again!" When she got home she slept almost continuously for several days.

'There is the picture! Mrs. Sharp in her extraordinary costume, pistols in hand; in front, the man with the musket; creeping up behind, the man with the chloroform—and holding the thousands of spectators back, eighteen policemen disguised as butchers!'

FELLING MATCHSTICKS

'It was not completely dark, the day I went out to cut matchsticks', said IAN RODGER in a Home Service talk. 'Most people seem to think that the Swedish winter is just one long perpetual night, but that is not strictly true.

'When I went out cutting matchsticks there was quite a bit of sun. It was late February, and most of the year's snow had fallen. February

is the month they call the ski-ing month in Sweden, and most of the children have a holiday and go up to the mountains for a week. On the road from the farm the snow was packed hard and crisp and dry, and in the woods the wind had put a blown top on it.

'With a scramble of boots on the floor of the cabin my friends had jumped out of bed before me at six a.m., swung themselves into their short top-coats and had taken a quick nip of something warming. Food, they told me, as I made up for my chilly feeling with a similar quick nip, would be later. I began to feel slightly better, and I had to admit that the woods, even in the semi-darkness at a temperature of about thirty-five degrees Fahrenheit of frost, looked beautiful. When the sun eventually came up—it shines rather like candlelight at that time of year—its pale light peered at us through the trees.

'They gave me a group of trees to cut. Normally they give a man an area, and he just picks and chooses the ones he is going to fell and the ones he will leave till later. But I think they thought I would make a mistake. The trees were mixed, and they have all got different uses when they are cut and different lengths. Some are scraped of their bark and others are just cut into lengths and allowed to season. If they are cut wrongly the tree is practically wasted because it will not fit the machines at the saw mill.

'I got a pleasant surprise when I started on the first tree. First of all, the cutting was much easier than I ever remembered it being before. My axe was sharper than I had ever known an axe to be before, and, added to this, the frost made the wood firmer. The chocks of splintered pine spun away quite clean. Instead of leaving a messy sort of wound at the base of a sappy tree, the axe cut its way through with remarkable ease. I was doing well until someone came up and said that I was not doing at all badly, and then I felt so proud that my next blow hit the notch on the far side and the axe handle bruised every bone in my fingers. After

that I took things a little more calmly, and I finally managed to drop the tree exactly where I said I wanted it'.

BOUND FOR ANTARCTICA

'Last week we watched a handsome Danish ship, the *Magga Dan*, drop down the Thames', said SIR RAYMOND PRIESTLEY in a talk in the General Overseas Service. 'She was on the way to what may, if all goes well, be one of the great world

adventures. She has specially shaped and strengthened bows, powerful engines, and a crow's nest with duplicate controls fifty feet above the water. With all this, she is well adapted to battle against the antarctic pack. On board of her, in quarters comfortable by any standards, travel a band of men who are in direct succession to the Vikings of old.

'The objectives of these modern explorers are a fascinating blend of science and adventure. Colonel Smart, himself a doctor, leads his men south to take part in the world-wide scientific effort of the International Geophysical Year. But the man who chartered the *Magga Dan*, Dr. Vivian Fuchs, is bound on an even more adventurous quest. He is to attempt the last great polar overland journey, the crossing of the antarctic continent from coast to coast. The idea of this great task has fascinated British polar leaders since a quiet, self-effacing Scotsman—William Bruce—first thought of it fifty years and more ago'.



The *Magga Dan*, bound for the Weddell Sea, leaving Tower Bridge. Left: H.M. the Queen, standing between Dr. V. Fuchs and Captain Hans Petersen, during her inspection of the ship



Science and the Nation

The Lessons of the War

The second of six Reith Lectures by SIR EDWARD APPLETON

I HAVE chosen this subject of the scientist in war-time for two reasons. In the first place the second world war taught us a great deal that was new about the various ways a scientist could serve his country; and we surprised our enemies, and even ourselves, by our successes in war-time technology. In the second place it was during the war that the nation, as a whole, came to realise the enormous power of applied science in promoting the tasks which were then on hand; and in many minds there arose the justifiable thought that, if science could render such useful service in war, it could yield no less a benefit in time of peace. It was not therefore surprising that, at the end of the war, a government committee recommended that the universities should be encouraged to double the numbers of their science and engineering students; and those university scientists who had joined government departments for war-time service were the first to be released in order to resume their academic duties.

I want to recall, then, some of the outstanding features of the support the scientist was privileged to give to his colleagues, the sailor, the soldier, and the airman; and I want especially to try to disengage the machinery of this assistance so as to expose the true nature of its links. During the war, many people who had previously been engaged on pure scientific research in universities made their first contacts with applied science. Similarly many scientists in government service, who had been working on what I may call civil scientific research, dropped their normal work and turned their attention to defence problems. What was so striking about the discharge of these unfamiliar tasks was the success of the scientist with a sound knowledge of fundamental principles. There were many opportunities for the exercise of special skills and techniques; but, during a war, many problems arise for the first time, as for example in devising counter-measures to enemy activity. It was in the solution of these new problems that the intellectual resource of our scientists and technologists showed to such great advantage.

In illustrating the war-work of the scientist, I am going to choose examples that are likely to be unfamiliar to you. You will know already of the fine work that had been done, even before the war started, on the detection of enemy units at a distance—the underwater detection of submarines by sound wave reflections and the detection of aircraft and surface vessels by radio wave reflections. This work provided a solid basis for further development in war-time when more people became available. There were, however, great gaps in our knowledge of other branches of war science. I well remember how, when the Civil Defence Research Committee was formed at the beginning of the war, we found our deliberations badly handicapped by the lack of basic

physical knowledge concerning the nature of explosions and the effects of explosions on building structures. It was, therefore, necessary to start both experimental and theoretical investigations on these topics at once.

There is no obvious connection between research on explosions and research on roads, and yet it was the road research laboratory of the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research which undertook this

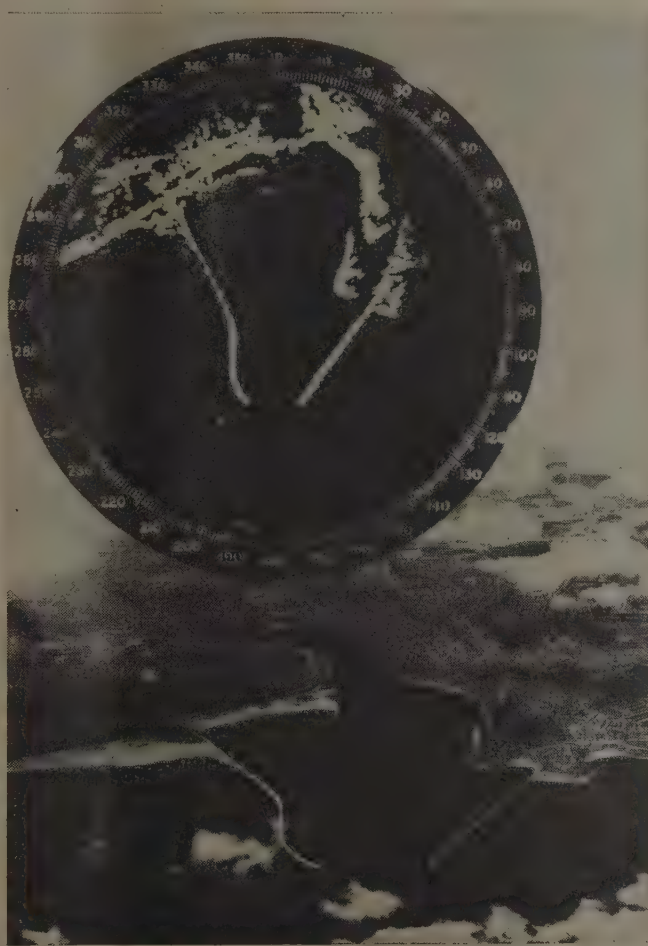
fundamental work on the physics of explosions. As a matter of deliberate policy, road research had been abandoned as a war-time measure. The road research organisation was, therefore, free to turn to other tasks; and, supplemented by other workers who, at first, were equally ignorant of defence research, it became the acknowledged authority on the nature of explosions and on the design of bombs for special purposes. Indeed, this station, which in peace-time had become an expert in making concrete, became the war-time expert in destroying it!

I have singled out this quality of adaptability as being of outstanding importance in war-time, but it seems to me that we must set it high in our list of requirements in peace. We must, in this age of technology, expect constant change. There can, for example, be no permanent pattern of employment. Adaptability in scientists comes from a sound and broad education in scientific principles. Adaptability in workers must, likewise, be sought by way of broad technical education.

I turn now to another lesson of war-time, namely that science can be fruitful in unexpected places. It had been recognised for many years that civilian scientists had much to contribute to the development of the weapons and instruments of war; and each of the three Services already had its own director of scientific research, with his supporting staff, long before hostilities broke out. But tactics and strategy were matters for the operational

staffs of the Services. If I may call the scientist the 'provider' and the operational officer the 'user', it was pre-war custom to regard their functions as separate, with little or no overlap. However, great profit followed when the scientist was allowed not only to be the 'provider' of weapons and instruments but also to be the consultant to the 'user' on actual operational matters.

Let me say at once that I do not think this development of close collaboration between the scientist and the service-man came from an immediate mutual attraction. My own view was that each, at the beginning, was a bit suspicious of the other. But, in time, it was realised that the scientist could be really practical in outlook and could also keep secrets. Also the scientist found that his most powerful advocate was one job well done. The service-man, he discovered, was ready to judge matters on results.



The piers and coast at Tynemouth with (above) the image shown on a marine 'radiolocator' on board ship

By courtesy of the Marconi International Marine Communication Co.

One notable expression of the war-time aid rendered by the scientist to his Service colleague was in connection with numerical thinking on operational matters. During the war each of the three Services had its own operational research group. The objective of each group was to provide officers in executive charge of operations with quantitative arguments for employing the units under their command in the most effective manner.

Let me give you an example—one in which the scientist was able to suggest a change in tactics which improved operational results. In the autumn of 1942 our losses of merchant shipping were high, and it was a matter of supreme moment to decide how to allocate our limited shipbuilding resources between the building of merchant ships and the building of anti-U-boat escort vessels. In the course of an analysis of U-boat attacks on different North Atlantic convoys during the years of 1941 and 1942 someone noticed an entirely unexpected result. The merchant vessel losses seemed to be pretty well the same whatever the size of the convoy. In other words, the proportion of merchant ships sunk decreased as the convoy size increased. As a result of this recognition of the unexpected—for it was pre-war naval doctrine that small convoys were best—convoys were increased in size with profitable results. The doctrine of large convoys, as expounded mathematically in the text-book of today, is now generally accepted.

So far, I have been referring to the war-time function of the scientist in applying his knowledge to the development of weapons and to the analysis of warlike operations. In many cases these exercises consisted in fairly straightforward applications of scientific principles, intelligence and zeal doing the rest. However, the war-time technical effort resulted also in a number of remarkable inventions, some of which were responsible for rapid surges of progress in their respective fields. Many people nowadays are inclined to think that, because of the rapid development of technology, the day of the inventor is over. I do not agree. It is true that the technologist of today can often achieve, by scientific reasoning alone, some practical result which, fifty years ago, would have been classed as an invention. To that extent, then, the world of the inventor is being invaded by the technologist; and this is a process which we may expect to continue. But, happily I think, there is still scope for the people who will not allow their objectives and ambitions to be influenced by the theoretical limitations of the day—people who are sceptical when they are told that something cannot be done.

Since material inventions have provided the essential germs of so many important developments in technology it is worth while at least attempting to identify the characteristics of the inventive step. As I have already indicated, such a step should not consist of deductive reasoning alone. My personal view is that the impact of a true invention on the mind of others, skilled in the art and science of the subject, should cause surprise. The highest type of invention is understood only after the way it works has been explained.

Of the major inventions of war-time, I select one that measures up well to my specification. I refer to the outstanding radio invention of the war, the cavity magnetron, a radio oscillation generator which brought about the wave-length revolution in radar, when wave-lengths as long as the height of an adult person were replaced by wave-lengths as long as his fingers. This radar wave-length revolution—its importance

cannot be stressed too highly—introduced a new era of precision in our radar detection of enemy units, both from the land and from the air. It also brought about the possibility of what I may call radar-television, by which our own airmen could provide themselves with a rough radio picture of the type of country over which they were flying. On their own radar-television screen they saw depicted in outline the configuration of the coast-lines and built-up areas below them, even in darkness or above cloud. All these benefits followed directly from the shortness of the wave-lengths generated by the cavity magnetron.

Although the cavity magnetron was responsible for the radar revolution and was employed to great advantage by all three Services during the war, it could not be said that the theory of its operation was fully understood until well after the war. Indeed, to describe the antics of the vibrating electrons inside an operating cavity magnetron involved

extremely complicated mathematics, the difficulty of which was not contemplated when the instrument was first invented. However, the important thing for war-time was that the invention worked, although only a kind of outline theory of its operation was then available. The great mathematical genius, Oliver Heaviside, once pointed out that it was not necessary to know all about physiology in order to have a good digestion. While admitting the frequent relevance of that remark in the practical use of scientific developments, however, I would add the rider that it is useful to know 'all about physiology' if the digestion goes wrong.

One great advantage of the development of the closer association of the operational chiefs and the scientists during the war was that the latter were encouraged to proffer their own suggestions about what might well be possible in the way of new weapons and instruments, after appropriate research. In this way the Services were prompted to accept, as operational requirements, devices with performances greatly exceeding what they themselves would have thought feasible. One British scientist, for example, was struck by the enormous average expenditure of anti-aircraft ammunition to bring down one enemy bomber. He realised that a major limitation here arose from the error in setting the time-fuse of the shell, which determined

the distance from the firing point at which it exploded. This led him to advance the bold—almost extravagant—suggestion that the shell might be made to explode automatically when it arrived at the spot where it could do most damage. For this purpose he suggested that tiny radar equipment should be accommodated within the shell itself, the radio waves reflected by the target being responsible for telling the shell, so to speak, when it could do most damage.

The idea of such a proximity fuse was revolutionary; it was realised that it involved building a complete radar sender and receiver which was small enough to be housed in the nose of a shell and yet sufficiently rugged to stand the accelerations of firing and of spin in flight. Nevertheless this daring conception was, in due course, embodied in a practical form, the V-T fuse, its use proving of sensational effect in several theatres of war. It became available, for example, in the latest stages of the V1 flying-bomb attack on London and enabled our gunners, over certain periods, to bring down nearly 100 per cent. of their targets.

There were many instances of the Services identifying their own needs and turning to the scientists for help in meeting them. I choose a particular instance, partly because it illustrates the great variety of



'The greatest technological achievement of all time, the nuclear bomb': a photograph taken after the explosion, last October, at the Maralinga testing ground, Australia, of Britain's first atomic bomb to be exploded in the air

war-time problems, and also because it illustrates how the solution of a war-time problem has had a peace-time application.

In 1940, the Fuel Research Station was asked by the Admiralty if it could suggest how the smoke from coal-fired merchant ships could be reduced. The reduction of smoke was required in order to cut down the distance at which the presence of merchant ships could be detected by enemy submarines. The Fuel Research Station, suspecting that smoke emission was connected with the incomplete burning of gases leaving the fuel bed, sought a solution of the problem by an increased supply of air in the right places. For this purpose they devised a new type of furnace door—a smoke eliminator door—which allowed the inflow of the extra air necessary. But, as so often happens in these things, the Fuel Research Station's work on the subject brought to light a new result. It was found that the new type of furnace door not only reduced the smoke but also increased the efficiency of the boiler. This was traced to the more complete burning of some invisible gases which were always found to accompany the smoke. In other words, the smoke was found to be the indication of inefficiency rather than the cause of it. Since the war, the same method of reducing smoke and achieving fuel economy has been applied to certain types of boilers in factories and large buildings.

Useful Conclusions

Even from these few examples of the work of the scientist in war-time it is possible to draw one or two important and useful conclusions. One general lesson is that the scientist can render his most significant assistance in meeting a practical requirement only when he is given the fullest information about the way in which the need itself has arisen and been identified—when he is told, in fact, not only what is wanted but also why it is wanted.

Another feature of the process of applying science, this time a constitutional one; is that the scientist does not normally occupy an executive position in the chain of authority and control of the operating organisation he is called on to serve. Standing on one side, so to speak, he makes his assistance available to people who might be counted both his seniors and his juniors. He can offer professional advice when asked—though, in my view, there are many occasions when he is justified in not waiting to be asked. But, in either case, he cannot compel people to accept his advice. It is the same in industry as in the Services.

In this business of inducing people to accept what might be of benefit to them, the scientist gains enormously if, in addition to his professional competence, he also possesses the social qualities that make for effective human co-operation. Two things are useful for the scientist to remember here. One is that the man you are trying to help knows his own particular job better than you do and that you can only assist him to improve its performance in parts. The other is that it is possible to achieve almost anything in the world if one is prepared not to want the credit for it. But, clearly, the scientist has a right to expect that his advice will be examined with sympathy and imagination. Let me give a striking instance where this certainly happened. It is a fact that the idea of using radio wave reflections for the detection of distant objects arose independently, in a number of different countries, shortly before the war. But it was in Britain that the most rapid development of radar took place. This was due not only to the splendid development work conducted by Sir Robert Watson Watt and his team of young scientists, but also to the open-mindedness of British Royal Air Force Staff Officers, who were quick to grasp the potentialities of what was, for them, a novel technique. The outcome is well known. By 1939, while other nations could also be said to have radar, we had actual radar stations in full operation.

However, all other scientific advances in war-time are dwarfed by the liberation of nuclear energy at man's will: by the greatest technological achievement of all time, the nuclear bomb. I do not propose to recall now the details of that development, for I count it more important to point the moral lesson it teaches than to admire the energy and resource by which it was devised. For the nuclear bomb pulled the world up sharply and made us all, scientists and laymen alike, contemplate the stark consequences of a future war fought with such weapons; and, now, with their even more devastating successors. There are many people, and they include some of my scientific colleagues, who declare that the scientists only made the bomb and that it was the politicians who dropped it. I count that to be a totally false assessment of events. It seems to me that we scientists were all in it with Mr. Truman.

It can, of course, be claimed that the results of science and technology, as things in themselves, are neutral; they can be used for good

or evil. One can imagine both kinds of uses even for a nuclear bomb. I remember that, after the first world war, large quantities of explosive left over were detonated, to make big bangs, for international experiments on the abnormal propagation of sound waves to great distances; and a nuclear bomb could certainly be used for the same purpose. You will therefore appreciate the difficulty I feel about calling any technological device a good or bad thing in itself. But where the objective use of the particular device is known, or can be reliably inferred, the person engaged in making it should not be indifferent to the outcome of his labours. And when it comes to a subject like weapon design, I think we must acknowledge, in this context, the right of a scientist to be a conscientious objector—even if we do not agree with him.

In the case of the two types of nuclear bomb made and used during the war, the production of the essential materials required a vast industrial effort; and it may well have been that thousands of people, and especially those playing the lesser parts, were denied knowledge of the overall objective. But it is clear that the senior scientists engaged on the project, and particularly those whose task was the designing of the bomb itself, could have counted the operation only as one involving a weapon for use in war. When scientists were known to be so badly needed for other tasks, their preoccupation on this one, surely could not have been otherwise justified at that particular time.

For a number of nuclear scientists, the full realisation of the Japanese devastation has made them bitterly regret their own share in the work which led to it. One can have only the most sincere respect for admissions of this kind. As for myself, I approved the nuclear bomb project, also its use, on overall humanitarian grounds, at that moment in history. After all, we were at war. What I deeply regret is that it has not been possible, so far, to organise the practical employment of nuclear power under an international controlling body, with full powers of inspection all the world over.—*Home Service*

Autumn

I saw from the gliding train
A yellow birch in the woods below
And the dark pines close in again,
And thought of dry leaves falling slow
Under the cold cloud-shadows,
Horses of shadow, loosed in dreams;
And the Snow Queen, cold and fair,
And Gerda looking for her Kay,
Poor Gerda, when she met the crow
Who led her in by the back way:
So, as they climbed the castle-stair
To reach the chamber where he lay,
Dark horses plunged like shadows,
Long-legged on the wall, in dreams;
And Gerda, while her heart beat fast,
Came where he slept, half turned away,
And called him, and the dreams rushed past,
And he awoke, and was not Kay.

F. T. PRINCE

Swedish Exercises

II: Umeå

In the night park emptied by winter
I tread the undistinguished paths of snow and dark.
The pale bandstand adrift on scrolls
Of wind-turned music, and the metal baskets
Packed with the overflowing wastes of snow
Are frozen ghosts of unimaginable summers.

A piled church warms the sky with orange brick.
The river shuffles neon alphabets of acid green.
I do not care where paths begin and borders end,
But in the naked birch-grove that I sauntered through
The snow's calm anarchy keeps off the grass
My steps that go where no one else has been.

JAMES KIRKUP

Reflections on the Bolshoi Theatre Ballet

By JAMES MONAHAN

THE Bolshoi Ballet Company returned three weeks ago to Russia in unpremeditated haste, without those few days of London sightseeing which had been intended. And already the Bolshoi's visit which, after its disputatious preface, had seemed to be the brightest sign yet of politico-cultural improvements to come, must be thought of quite differently. Events in Hungary, fearful events, heroic and infamous, have now pierced our memories of the Kremlin's most vaunted cultural export. The visit now seems not like a beginning of better things but as part of a little, deceptive interlude—before it, the Cold War, and after it, the murder of a nation, whose courage has shamed us all. But even if our memories of it have become, to say the least, distinctly wry, and even if the Sadler's Wells Ballet has, rightly, cancelled its reciprocal visit to Moscow, the Bolshoi and the lessons of the Bolshoi are still worth recalling.

Zest and Ingenuous Confidence

It was as easy for the public here to enjoy the Bolshoi's performances as it was for more knowledgeable people to find fault with them. First, the reasons for the enjoyment. These reduce, essentially, to a single big reason: the quality of the company's dancing. It is not, necessarily, that the company's dancing excels that of, say, the Sadler's Wells. Even in this matter there are points in favour of our own company—as I hope to show a little later. But the Bolshoi's dancing possesses such a zest, such an air of ingenuous confidence, its *corps de ballet* is so well drilled and the high spots of its choreography are so sensational, that it was impossible for a British audience, accustomed to the pernicky niceties of west European ballet, not to be entirely captivated, rather as people accustomed only to the small tidiness of 'the green belt' would be intoxicated by their first view of a larger and wilder countryside.

For instance, a good deal of 'The Fountain of Bakhchisarai' may be dull and even lamentable: the teashop orientalism of Asafiev's music and the unimaginative choreography by Zakharov in the entire second act are certainly eye-openers; none of the best companies in western Europe or the United States ever descends to this. But what company in western Europe or the United States could rival the first act, with its stage battle and its final conflagration, or the Tartars' dance in the last act, for sheer vitality and theatrical effectiveness? Maybe the qualities here so lavishly displayed are not the most refined in ballet, but they are mighty effective. Or, to take a different sort of example, could any of us who are not old enough to remember Spessitseva or Pavlova claim honestly to have seen a first act of 'Giselle' or an introduction to the second act which quite equalled the Bolshoi's interpretation, for general skill in classical dancing, for drilled cohesion by the *corps de ballet*, and for ability in narrative mime?

And then, of course, there were Ulanova and Yevdokimov. It may seem odd that I should pair these two dancers, the one a legend long before the visit and the chief cause of the rapturous anticipation with which the Bolshoi was awaited here, the other a male dancer who was unknown to us till he appeared at Covent Garden. But my simple point is that, of all the fine dancers in the company, these two were, in their different ways, most responsible for the visit's popular success. Some few of us—myself being in this minority—might admit to a certain disappointment in Ulanova; in 'Giselle' it was clear that she was well past her prime and, even if one accepts Frederick Ashton's contention that the most interesting great dancers are those who are incomplete, who have 'something to hide', yet Ulanova's limitations were perhaps just a little too conspicuous: I mean the strong but disenchanting feet and the un-swanlike neck. But however coldly objective one may try to be about her, the fact does remain that, on her showing here, she is still a great and exciting dancer, with a marvellous, sensitive gift for dramatic interpretation within the rigorous terms of classical ballet's vocabulary. And certainly she was the great attraction at Covent Garden. Yevdokimov was another matter: no question, in his case, of disappointment; nothing but amazement that a man who could show the fire and fury of a Tartar chief (in 'Bakhchisarai') could also

take part in the *pas de deux* of 'Giselle's' first act with an unrivalled ease and lordly elegance. He has style and versatility and can jump like the devil.

Well Managed Crowd Movement

Having said that the Bolshoi's success here was due to one principal reason—the quality of the dancing—I must now add a rider to this simple statement. We, in the West, may not share the Bolshoi's (and, indeed, the Soviet Union's) view of ballet as a medium for heavy drama and for the sort of realism which infused, say, the battle in the first act of 'Bakhchisarai', and the duels and crowd scenes in 'Romeo and Juliet'; yet there can be no doubt that the large, consequent passages of mime and the movement of the crowds (and the duellists) were extremely well managed. We might disagree with the theory but we could not fail to be impressed by the practice—providing as it did a fine theatrical show of a kind little known to us. And this must be added to the credit side of the Bolshoi's balance sheet.

Yet the faults were obvious. I have said that the high spots in the Bolshoi's choreography were sensational. And, indeed, they were—consisting as they did of a number of remarkable lifts and of even more remarkable leaps by the ballerinas into the arms of their burly partners; these were *coups de théâtre* which depended even more on the sheer strength of such husky fellows as Lapauri, Zhdanov, and Kondratov than on the agility and supple, strong backs of Struchkova, Bogomolova, and Kondratieva. But even these big choreographic effects suffered from being repetitive and, in general, the choreography showed little imagination or variety, and often it was singularly unmusical. Thus none of the big moments for Romeo and Juliet (their three *pas de deux*) really came off—the moments, that is, when the choreographer evidently tried, as he should, to express the love and the passion in mimeless, lyrical, classical dancing. In these passages it became clear that the very idiom, as it is known even to so eminent a choreographer as Lavrovsky, was simply inadequate; he had tried to do the right thing but with all his lifts, and with all the expressiveness of Ulanova, he simply had not the means to do it. Again, of the two classics in the Bolshoi's repertory at Covent Garden, 'Giselle' was very much as we know it in the West but 'Swan Lake' was a version by Gorsky which took its essential shape at the Bolshoi Theatre back in 1922 and has been worked over since (it was again revised shortly before the visit to London). And, when compared with the versions we know, they were deficient both in terms of the choreography itself and as accompaniment to Tchaikovsky's music.

A Dead Language?

Another way to put it would be to say that the language of Soviet choreography seems to be a dead one. In the light of what I have said already, about the sensational 'high spots' of that choreography, this may seem paradoxical. My meaning is this: whereas in the work of Frederick Ashton, Georges Balanchine, Jerome Robbins, and one or two other leading western choreographers, the classical idiom has constantly been subjected to new tasks and has, consequently, developed, in the Bolshoi's classical choreography there was no sign of any such development—the big dances for 'Romeo and Juliet', for instance, were (with the exception of their near-acrobatic lifts) at least as restricted in range as anything that Petipa invented; and, since they were produced many years after Petipa, they had the dullness of copies, not the evergreenness of inspired originals. I also mean—extending my argument beyond the territory of classical ballet, properly so-called—that the Bolshoi's choreographers seem to have little sense of the right style for a particular ballet subject. For them no subtle nuances of manner: for them, it seems, just a simple choice among realism (the battles, the duels, the crowd scenes), folksong and popular dances (at their best in the Tartars' leaping in 'Bakhchisarai'), and straight classicism.

Dancers, it has been said, get the choreography that suits them. And

that, I think is largely true. How then to reconcile my strictures (for such they are meant to be) on the Bolshoi's choreography with my preceding eulogy of the Bolshoi's dancers? Here let me mention another observation by Frederick Ashton. To someone who said it was a pity that the Bolshoi's dancers could not be given some of *his* choreography, he replied that his style, derived as it was from the western tradition, would be no good at all for these dancers, with their different ways. This, for all its excessive modesty, was a sensible answer. The Bolshoi Company dances as it does because it is well trained in an idiom of 'big, broad effects, because, too, it is accustomed to the wide, open spaces of the Bolshoi's stage where delicate nuance may or may not be at a disadvantage but where there is certainly every inducement to big jumps and wide, ground-covering movements. At the same time it is clear that these dancers are relatively deficient in rapid, *terre à terre* work (it is remarkable how often they take certain quick passages in the classics in half-time), deficient, too, in all that intricate, highly musical adaptability and virtuosity which the inventions of leading western choreographers require of their performers. Soviet dancers, so to speak, wield a sabre—ours, a rapier. I think that, at present, the Bolshoi sabre is wielded more skilfully, more impressively, and with more panache than the Sadler's Wells rapier. But I think, too, that the use of a rapier is, in itself, a finer, a higher art.

That (before I become lost in only half-appropriate analogies between ballet and fencing) leads me to the question of Bolshoi productions as such. Earlier I said that whether or not we in the West thought well of the Bolshoi's predilection for ballet as a medium for heavy drama, we had to admit that these Russians did this silent drama of theirs very well. True, but are they right in making ballet serve such a purpose—in, for instance, turning Shakespeare's 'Romeo and Juliet', with all its length and dramatic complications, into a drama without words? The answer given by Lavrovsky himself (who was responsible for this ballet) is, naturally enough, that unless you admit that such themes, with full dramatic treatment, are suitable to ballet you are unnecessarily limiting ballet's scope. Limiting it, certainly, but doing so unnecessarily—that is the whole point. Another, and less prejudiced, answer to my question is that you cannot talk about 'right' and 'wrong' in such matters, that in the world of ballet there is room for drama, even thoroughly complicated drama, as for many other developments. And that answer, I think, suggests a significant truth: that Soviet ballet, with its vast stage (at least at its Bolshoi headquarters), its big, simple effects, and with an audience which, by western standards is thoroughly unsophisticated, may well be giving the Russian public the sort of ballet which is right for it.

The basic question, however, still remains—and is worth answering: is such a use of ballet (by which I mean the use of ballet for extensive silent acting) the best use of it, absolutely speaking? Certainly it is not. Admitting, for the sake of argument, that the training of classical ballet is the highest available artistic training in the movement of the silent human body, the fact remains that the silent human body is most feeble



The Bolshoi Ballet Company in 'Romeo and Juliet' at Covent Garden: Romeo holding the dying Mercutio after his duel with Tybalt

at precisely the point where the Soviet notions of ballet put most weight on it, that is, as a dramatic medium. Ballet—I say it categorically—is at its best, at its truest, when it dances most; when it wanders into drama, Shakespearean or other, it is trespassing. It would not be true to say that western choreographers, for their part, have been guiltless of such trespass; it has been characteristic of them that they turn ballet into all sorts of experimental byways. But the great difference is that whereas we have found—beyond, I think, any reasonable doubt—that the finest ballets are those, like the Sadler's Wells 'Symphonic Variations', which contain the greatest amount of unalloyed dance, the Soviet theory and practice seems solidly tied to a misguided conception. They are essentially on the wrong road for ballet—whatever pleasure they may be giving to their public.

In this assessment of the Bolshoi's productions I have left to a late place the ballet music and the *décor* and costumes. Prokofiev's score for 'Romeo and Juliet' is superb; Asafiev's for 'Bakhchisarai' is, on the whole, lamentable—and that was all the first-hand evidence on its ballet music which the company gave us here. But, judging by what we know from films of Soviet ballets and from written evidence as to the Bolshoi's whole repertory, it seems pretty certain that Asafiev's is much the more typical score—in its outmoded, tea-shoppy, easily melodic orientalism.

If, then, it is permissible to suspect Soviet ballet music of being, by western standards, outmoded, the queer, heavy, late-Victorian character of their *décor* and costumes is not a matter for suspicion; it is a matter of obvious fact, substantiated by what the Bolshoi showed us here. The scenery was often grand—with a leaden operatic grandeur; the costumes were often grand, too, and made of fine cloth—but how dreary and stereotyped they seemed by Sadler's Wells and American standards, to say nothing of French standards, which, in this particular facet of this multiple art, are the highest in the western world.

It may or may not be evident by now



Gleb Yevdokimov as Nur Ali, the Tartar chief in 'The Fountain of Bakhchisarai'

From 'The Bolshoi Theatre Ballet', by Y. Slonimsky (Central Books)

that the procedure of this talk is like that of peeling an onion. The successive layers have come off and we come to the heart of it: that is, to the historical explanation for the Bolshoi Ballet's being as it is now. That explanation is familiar: the Bolshoi Ballet (or, for that matter, Soviet ballet) is as it is because Russia never really knew the artistic revolution of Diaghileff and his colleagues. The truth of the paradox is none the less valid for having been often repeated: that we in the West are the heirs to the revolutionary Ballets Russes de Serge Diaghileff whereas the Soviet Ballet is the heir—to what? To just that atrophied tradition against which Diaghileff, Bakst, Benois, and Fokine rebelled.

A Disregarded Side of Fokine's Art

On all this, however, I do not propose to dwell; anyone who cares at all for ballet has heard about it a great many times. This does not mean that Fokine's work (even the bulk of his work done for Diaghileff) is entirely unknown in the Soviet Union or that one-act ballets, the speciality of Diaghileff's company and the standard recipe for western repertoires, are altogether absent from the Soviet repertory. During their visit here Lavrovsky and others, piqued by the comments on the out-moded character of their productions, insisted that the western opinions of their work were insufficiently informed. Nor, again, was Ulanova entirely wrong when, at her press conference here, she pointed out that Soviet ballet, in the nineteen-twenties, had tried out and then discarded the sort of abstract formalism which seemed to her to be the delight of western critics. The fact remains, however, that the only side of Fokine's work which, judging by results, appears to have had any influence at all on the Soviet Ballet is what might be called the 'Scheherazade' or 'Thamar' or 'Cleopatra' side, these being his chief essays in dramatic mime. The much more valuable side of Fokine's art—which is shown in 'Sylphides', say, or 'Firebird', where he was giving a new subtlety, a new expressiveness to the language of classicism as such—seems, in the Soviet Union, to have been entirely overlooked. And where Ulanova, in her long isolation from western art, is wrong is in thinking that because western ballet is the heir to Diaghileff's it is therefore dedicated to perpetuating the experiments of the master's later, dizzier, and sillier seasons of the 'twenties.

Our ballet has to a large extent sifted, in his vast legacy, the ephemeral from the enduring, the treasure from the dross. On the other hand, it would be untrue to say that the Soviet ballet—the heir to the tradition against which Diaghileff rebelled—has not developed at all since that time. But what is true is that its chief development, towards wordless drama, is essentially a misguided one. The one

enormous asset in the Soviet inheritance is the tradition of training in ballet dancing, the tradition, above all, of the Imperial School of Leningrad—the one-time Maryinsky, now the Kirov. And this one asset is, in popular estimation at least, almost enough to outweigh all the rest.

In Imperial Russian days the Maryinsky, with its cosmopolitan elegance and virtuosity, used to despise the rough and ready, the folksy Bolshoi in provincial Moscow. And I like the story of the eminent, one-time Maryinsky ballerina of Diaghileff's company, who disconcerted Ulanova (also a product of Leningrad and St. Petersburg) when they met in London by commiserating with her: 'How awful it must be for you, who were brought up to Petipa, to have to make do with the works of Gorsky'. A shrewd thrust, certainly, but not, I think, warranted now by any continued difference in quality between the Kirov and the Bolshoi. Nowadays it seems that all the highest quality, in teaching as in dancing itself, is taken by the Soviet capital, by the Bolshoi; the Kirov, despite Petipa, Fokine, Ulanova, and the famous teacher Vaganova, has become a mere poor relation. I should, by the way, note here that Paris, last summer, had a chance to see another important Soviet Company—the Muscovite Stanislavsky, the younger sister of the Bolshoi; apart from the fact that its 'Swan Lake' (a version going back to the original Tchaikovsky score) was infinitely more interesting than the Bolshoi's version by Gorsky and that the company contained a superb and exceptional dancer in young Vinogradova, its evidence about the state of Soviet ballet, about the fine dancing and the atrophied artistic tradition, was a complete corroboration of the lessons of the Bolshoi.

Lessons Learned and Unlearned

A week or two ago I was given a finely produced, silvery covered picture-book in Russian—the publicity book of the Sadler's Wells Company for its visit, now cancelled, to Moscow: a book which now has, I suppose, a certain grim curiosity value. The Sadler's Wells Company has been able to study the Bolshoi, to learn from it the importance of what is called 'attack' on the part of the ballerina, also the magnificence of really fine *jetés* and the contribution which lifts by really powerful partners can make to a ballerina's achievement. The Bolshoi, in its turn, will not have the chance to learn the much bigger lesson which the Sadler's Wells Company could have taught—with its, admittedly, less complete attainments in the matter of dance but with its far richer and more vital artistic tradition. We must regret that this reciprocal visit has become unjustifiable; but that it would, indeed, be unjustified, no one can doubt.—*Third Programme*

Grand Strategy and the Second World War

By SIR JOHN SLESSOR

VOLUMES V and VI of the official *History of the Second World War** cover the vast field of the higher Allied direction of the war in its last two years—from the Quadrant Conference at Quebec in August 1943 to VJ-day. To compress, even into two thick volumes, a high-level survey of such an enormous forest must have involved a terrific effort not to lose sight of the wood for the trees, and on the whole Mr. Ehrman seems to me to have made a masterly job of it. Everyone should read it who wants to understand that astonishing partnership between the two great English-speaking Allies, which brought to our enemies what was, I suppose, the most overwhelming defeat in the history of war. All I can hope to do here is to offer some reflections on a few of the highlights which particularly interest me, as one who took part in some of the scenes of the drama.

Perhaps airmen may be a little disappointed not to find more about the strategy of the air war in these volumes. They should remember that there are other volumes of this *Official History* to come. The strategic air offensive will have two or three volumes to itself; while the Battle of Britain and the share of the R.A.F. in the Battle of the Atlantic will, no doubt, find their place in the volumes on the defence of this country and on the war at sea. The two volumes that I am dealing with here are the fifth and sixth (though the first to be published) of

a series on the central direction of the war, as a background to others devoted to the several campaigns by land, air, and sea.

As a matter of fact, in this context I think it is natural that land operations should fill most of the picture, for this reason: At sea and in the air, there are in every war occasional episodes of tremendous dramatic quality, involving sensational decisions: the evacuation from Dunkirk, for instance, the Battle of Britain, the sinking of the *Bismarck*, the air preparation for 'Overlord', the Battle of Matapan, and the decision to use the atomic bomb. Both naval and air forces—particularly, of course, air forces—have a vitally essential role in land operations; in fact (as Field-Marshal Montgomery has so often said) a modern campaign on land is really a joint Army-Air Force affair.

But for the most part the Navy and Coastal Command are over the horizon, quietly getting on with their all-important job of ensuring the safe and timely arrival of convoys; and once the policy is settled—as, for instance, by the famous Casablanca directive—the bomber forces get on with what I have often called the 'unseen campaign': the costly, interminable, relentless battle in the German sky, which (as Mr. Ehrman well points out) was, amongst other things, responsible for the amazing degree of air superiority that we enjoyed on the land fronts in the last years of the war. Neither of these things often calls for new and controversial decisions from the top; though I would have

* *Grand Strategy*, by John Ehrman: Vol. V, August 1943–September 1944, 42s.; Vol. VI, October 1944–August 1945, 30s. Published by H.M. Stationery Office

liked to hear a little more of the arguments about area versus precision bombing by the R.A.F. and the American Air Force respectively.

But it is the armies which do spectacularly dramatic things—are hurled against the Normandy beaches, capture Rome and Paris, battle their way through Burma, and so on. And it is the armies who usually create these massive problems which naturally take up so much space in any account of the central direction of war—when to invade the Continent and where, whether there are enough assault craft to make an 'end run' to Anzio, or enough airlift to capture Mandalay; whether to invade the Riviera or make a descent on the Atlantic coast of France; whether the terrain and communications will permit a thrust through the Lubljana gap into south-east Europe, and so on.

So if we airmen and sailors are tempted to feel that perhaps the armies are getting a little more than their share of the attention in a history of this sort, let us reflect that that is natural; and let us remember also that they have as well more than their share of the dirty work—supply, construction, administration of captured enemy territory, etc.—which, thank goodness, we seldom have to worry about.

Nevertheless, if I had to criticise, I would say that I wish Mr. Ehrman could have found space to tell us a little more about the strategic effects of air operations. For instance, he gives an extremely interesting and balanced account of the great debate before Overlord about Pointblank versus the Transportation plan: whether the strategic air forces should persist in the bombing of Germany (for which the code-name was Pointblank) or be temporarily diverted to the dislocation of the enemy's communications in northern France, to a point when he would be unable to move reserves quickly enough and in sufficient strength to defeat the invasion. True, he quotes Rundstedt's saying after the invasion 'It was all a question of air force, air force and again air force'; and he says that the air offensive 'utterly disorganised (the enemy's) communications and activities throughout the north-west'. But I would have liked to see that filled out a little: if you want to get a good idea of what the air forces really did to the enemy before and during Overlord, read, for example, Milton Shulman's book, *Defeat in the West*. I think it would have rounded off the excellent account of the preliminary arguments in London to see something more of what the effect was when the decision was finally made.

Effect of Air Operations

The same criticism came to my mind in more than one place. I think he might usefully have said more about the tremendous effect of the air operations, for instance, in connection with the battle of the Falaise Gap; then Diadem (the battle for Rome)—the Supreme Commander, Wilson, and Alexander said of that that its success was largely due to the air support; even the defeat of the U-boat—Mr. Ehrman touches on the menace of the new fast-under-water types, but he omits to mention that only nine of the new Mark XXI and XXIII boats got to sea before the surrender, out of about 400 planned to be delivered, mainly as a result of the air offensive.

However, having registered my little grouse, I must admit I know from personal experience that one of the major difficulties in writing a book of this sort is to decide what to leave out.

As I have said, Mr. Ehrman deals fully with the arguments in the winter of 1943-44 about how the strategic bombers could best support the invasion; and I found that extraordinarily interesting. A point he does not cover—and I suppose it hardly comes within the scope of these volumes—is whether we could have forced the Germans to capitulate by air action alone, without invasion. It may not be profitable, but it is interesting to speculate about that. I personally always felt sure that the armies would have to go back to the Continent, but I hoped they would be able to go back as an occupying and policing force when German resistance had been broken down, instead of having to undertake the greatest opposed landing in the history of war. It is interesting to remember that ten months before D-Day, in August 1943, after the devastating attack by Bomber Command on Hamburg, in which 60,000 people were killed and half the city laid waste, that very good judge Speer told Hitler: 'If these aerial attacks continued, a rapid end to the war might be the consequence'. If we had been able—if we had had the resources—to lay on another dozen Hamburgs in quick succession, who knows what might not have happened?

Although I would be the last to underrate the absolutely vital influence of the bomber offensive on grand strategy in the late war, I think it is difficult to convince oneself that German resistance could really have been broken down much earlier than it was, though I do think it might have been possible without invasion. I do not want to burden you

with figures but I think these are significant. In the four-and-a-half years up to the end of 1943 the total tonnage of bombs dropped on Germany and German-occupied Europe was only 330,000, mainly by the R.A.F. But by that time the huge expansion of the Allied strategic bomber force was really getting into its stride, and in 1944 alone the total was 1,118,000 tons—nearly four times as much in that one year as in the first four years put together. Over 85 per cent. of the total tonnage dropped in the European war by the R.A.F. and U.S. Air Force was dropped after January 1, 1944—72 per cent. of it after July 1. Yet even in the spring of 1945 the Germans were still fighting stubbornly, and in December 1944 had been able to lay on the counter-offensive in the Ardennes.

The Germans' Superb Fighting Qualities

Incidentally one is constantly impressed throughout these volumes by the superb fighting qualities of the German armies. They continued to fight like tigers when everyone must have known that the situation was hopeless for them. Whether it would have been a good thing for Germany to capitulate without any Allied forces on German soil, unless we had been able to get them in after the capitulation at least as quickly as the Russians (which might have been difficult), is a question which perhaps may present itself in a different light today from what it would have done in the conditions of 1943 or 1944.

Anyway, that was not the point in early 1944. Everyone agreed that the invasion was the supreme operation for that year; no one would have been ready to challenge Cossac's conclusion, arrived at as early as July 1943, that an increase in enemy fighter strength in western Europe 'might render an amphibious assault out of the question' (as he put it); nor was there any argument as to the necessity of dislocating the enemy's communications behind the lodgement area to an extent that he could not move his reserves quickly enough to defeat the first critical stage of the landing.

The difference of opinion really revolved largely round the question of timing. The Strategic Bomber Commanders, Harris and Spaatz, though they had certain differences of view as to method, were entirely agreed on the principle—namely that their best contribution to the success of the invasion was to intensify their attacks on Germany, especially the German fighter resources and oil industry, till about a fortnight before D-Day, which they thought would leave time enough for the heavies to do their share of the tactical job of destroying the enemy's rail communications. Spaatz in particular was almost obsessed by the necessity to win the air battle before D-Day, and not to leave it to be fought out over the beaches during the landing; and he was convinced that the way to do that was to intensify the offensive against oil, which he believed not only would be ultimately decisive in itself but—and indeed for that very reason—would force the Germans to concentrate their fighters to defeat it, and so give him a chance of destroying them.

The Overlord authorities, on the other hand—Eisenhower and his airmen, Tedder and Leigh Mallory—did not think this was good enough. They attached more importance than did the bomber commanders to the need to prevent the German Army's reserves in the west from moving to reinforce the divisions on the coast in time; and they thought the necessary destruction of rail communications would take much more than two or three weeks to be effective. They were obsessed—and rightly obsessed—with the vital necessity of winning the race for the build-up of divisions in the lodgement area.

An Unnecessary Controversy?

The argument raged for several months. Actually it was really an unnecessary controversy. The principle of concentration of decisive force on the decisive task is a cardinal principle in air warfare. But in this case we had such colossal strength that we could, in effect, have the best of both worlds; and the right answer lay somewhere between the two extreme positions. The Overlord people were unquestionably right in attaching the importance they did to dislocating the enemy communications system in northern France: indeed, it was probably the most decisive factor in the success of the invasion. Spaatz was equally right in his conviction that the place and time to win the air battle for the beaches was over Germany before D-Day. As Mr. Ehrman points out, when the time came the Luftwaffe virtually failed to appear over the beaches, and that was probably as decisive to the success of the actual landing as the transportation plan was to its exploitation.

The argument was finally resolved by Portal, the British Chief of

the Air Staff, who was acting on behalf of the Combined Chiefs of Staff in this matter, in the form of a compromise—which is not always satisfactory in war, but in this case was the right answer, for the reason I have already given. The attacks on rail communications in northern France began in March and before D-Day over 66,000 tons of bombs were dropped on eighty major rail targets selected for attack. Fifty-one of them were completely destroyed and massive damage was done to another twenty-five, with results which, as I have said, I think, were decisive to the success of the invasion. Meanwhile, with Eisenhower's full agreement, Pointblank went on; and the strategic bombers did continue during the preparatory phase to strike at German military power deep in Germany—particularly at their oil. These operations had the effect not only ultimately of grounding the enemy's air force and paralyzing his armour—on the eastern as well as the western front—to a degree far greater than even Spaatz originally claimed, they also forced the Luftwaffe to concentrate its efforts on defending the oil plants within the Reich, at the cost of leaving the German armies in the west virtually without air cover or support.

Clash of Personalities

In this argument—not for the first or last time—a certain clash of personalities and a difference of opinion about the chain of command, played a part. War is a human activity and sometimes this sort of thing inevitably has a significant influence on matters of grand strategy. It certainly had in the conflict of opinion in August 1944 between Montgomery's plan for a bold thrust in the north to free Antwerp, encircle the Ruhr, and drive in to the industrial heart of Germany, and Eisenhower's more pedestrian plan to advance on a broad front towards the Rhine 'at a pace and in an order which would conform to the administrative facts' (as Mr. Ehrman puts it). To a lesser extent it entered into the later argument in the spring of 1945, when we had crossed the Rhine, between the British idea of a thrust through northern Germany on Berlin, and Eisenhower's plan to advance on the axis Erfurt-Leipzig-Dresden, which is described in an absorbing chapter in Volume VI.

I was not there and had no personal stake in the matter or any inside knowledge. But, for what it is worth, I happen to think Montgomery was right on both these occasions. I am inclined to believe that in both cases the northern strategy would have brought better and quicker results. I feel rather strongly (and of this I have some experience) that a separate land force Commander-in-Chief under the Supreme Commander is desirable, rather than that the Supremo should double the roles. And I think on both these occasions Eisenhower was rather unduly cautious and (unlike the Germans in France in 1940) worried rather too much about his flanks.

But, let us face it, Eisenhower was up against the German army which, even in 1945, was a different thing from the French army of 1940—even plus the few ill-equipped British divisions. And anyway he was the responsible commander, and the old saying 'back or sack' applies even to Supreme Commanders. He had been unanimously selected as the Supremo in this vast campaign and he won a great victory for us in Europe. So it is hardly profitable to debate whether he might have won it a little sooner if he had done something which we thought was right but which he, as the man with the responsibility, thought was unsound.

While I am on the subject of command, a thing that repeatedly strikes one in reading these volumes is how complicated—even almost unintelligible—the organisation of command at the top sometimes became. In South-East Asia Command especially it was a proper cat's cradle. Incidentally, that theatre provided another rather different example of the influence of personality in high places in war. Anyone reading Sir William Slim's splendid book *Defeat into Victory* will conclude (though he certainly does not tell us) that, but for Slim's tact and sense of humour and quiet efficiency as a soldier, the differences of opinion with that doughty but difficult warrior 'Vinegar Joe' Stilwell might have been much more serious than they were.

It is probably true to say that personalities are all-important at these top levels of command. I have had some experience of it at a Supreme H.Q., in the Mediterranean, and I have taken part in arguments about command systems since then, in Nato. With the best will in the world it is hardly ever possible at these rather stratospheric levels to have a nice tidy hierarchy as it is lower down—corps to division, division to brigade, brigade to battalion, and so on. All sorts of complicating factors creep in: responsibility by different Allied Commanders within the theatre to their own Governments, political considerations, different

—sometimes even divergent—interests between allies, national prestige, and so on. The fact is (or so I have always found) that, provided the high-level commanders are sensible, friendly, efficient men, determined to get on with the war, almost any system can be made to work, however awful it looks on paper. If they are not—even if one of them is not—no system will work smoothly, however nice and tidy it looks in a diagram.

Different Interests in South-east Asia

One thing that certainly does make life difficult is when two major allies have totally different interests and objects within the same theatre. This was really the situation in south-east Asia, and Mr. Ehrman's account brings out the inevitable difficulties that followed. 'The primary military object of the U.S. in the China and India-Burma theatres is the continuance of aid to China on a scale that will permit the fullest utilisation of the area and resources of China for operations against the Japanese': these were the opening words of an American staff memorandum submitted to the meeting at Malta of the Combined Chiefs of Staff before the Yalta Conference. The British, on the other hand (not unnaturally), were more immediately interested in the reconquest of Burma and Malaya and the recapture of Singapore, leading to the eviction of the Japanese from the Dutch East Indies.

So no wonder the course of true love did not always run very smoothly over strategy for south-east Asia, especially when we were so dependent on the Americans for the all-important transport aircraft, which were such a key factor both for the reconquest of Burma and for the support of China.

Talking of airlift reminds me of that other crucial bottleneck, assault shipping. Nothing is more extraordinary than the way in which, all through these two volumes, runs the thread of the enormous influence on Allied strategy of small shortages of assault shipping—almost potty little numbers. No wonder Mr. Churchill said in a telegram to General Marshall in April 1944: 'How it is that the plans of two great Empires like Britain and the United States should be so much hamstrung and limited by a hundred or two of these particular vessels will never be understood by history'. It certainly will not. The Air Ministry are still often abused for not producing enough of various types of aircraft—anti-submarine aircraft, for instance, or close support aircraft for the Army, according to taste. But these shortages certainly did not have such a powerful and crabbing effect on strategy as those of assault shipping.

I remember well, for instance, how discussion on Allied strategy in Italy early in 1944 largely turned on the availability or otherwise of no more than about 100 landing craft of various types, which were wanted to be withdrawn to get ready for Overlord. We read in these volumes of arguments at the highest levels in London and Washington, not only on the massive requirements of Overlord itself, but on many lesser projects, all revolving round a few score landing craft. Anvil, the invasion of southern France; Shingle, the landing at Anzio; Buccaneer, the capture of the Andamans; Culverin, the advance into Burma; Walcheren in the autumn of 1944—in these and many other plans ludicrously small numbers of assault shipping loomed large, not only on the lower planning levels but among the Combined Chiefs of Staff themselves.

Failure to Realise the Programme of Construction

To some extent—perhaps mainly—this was due to early lack of foresight in planning. Mr. Ehrman ascribes the complete failure to realise the programme of construction approved in April 1942 partly to 'initial lack of interest among the joint planners and in the Navy Department', and I think that is probably fair criticism.

In the spring of 1943 it was generally accepted that there could hardly be too many landing ships and craft; but (although there were other urgent priorities in construction, such as anti-submarine escorts and merchant ships to replace sinkings) it was not until after the Quadrant Conference in August of that year that the problem seems to have been tackled with a real sense of urgency—and, of course, that was leaving it very late. The administrative arrangements in Washington for the control of shipping were much less efficient than those in London. I think there is no doubt that in respect of assault shipping—as of most other things—the Americans in the Pacific were extravagantly lavish by British standards, which inevitably had repercussions on Allied requirements in other theatres.

But I doubt whether these were the only reasons. One is struck by

the way in which the American chiefs more than once came out suddenly and unexpectedly with offers of significant numbers of assault shipping, 'out of the hat' so to speak. This happened, for instance, at the Cairo Conference in December 1943 and on several occasions in the spring of 1944 in connection with the south of France invasion, on which the Americans had set their hearts while we were (to say the least of it) rather lukewarm about it. I find it a little difficult to resist the perhaps unworthy suspicion that the nigger in this woodpile was Admiral King, the American equivalent of our First Sea Lord. I cannot help wondering whether he was not using assault shipping under American naval control as a sort of carrot or stick—as appropriate—to support his own ideas of strategy. I may be doing him an injustice, but I saw a good deal of him during the war and, though a great man in many ways, he was very much a law unto himself and not a very good co-operator. I would not like to hazard a large bet that he kept even his colleagues of the American Joint Chiefs of Staff fully informed about the assault craft position. I would like to see a detailed factual statement showing the exact numbers of landing ships and assault craft, by types, in existence in the various theatres of war—say in January 1944. It might be rather instructive.

Policy of Unconditional Surrender

Then there is the problem (which always interests me) of the policy of 'unconditional surrender', first enunciated at Casablanca in January 1943, and the extent to which, if at all, it prolonged German resistance. Incidentally, there is no argument about the influence it had on the Japanese: Mr. Ehrman quotes the telegram of July 12, 1945, from Togo (the Japanese Foreign Minister) to his Ambassador in Moscow, in which it was made clear that the Japanese would continue to fight if unconditional surrender was insisted upon. As far as Germany was concerned the issue is by no means as clear. Mr. Ehrman obviously doubts if the Casablanca pronouncement had much effect and—with the impartiality no doubt proper to an official historian—says it is impossible to assess its effect, even coupled with the extraordinary Morgenthau plan to 'de-industrialise' Germany.

Sir Winston Churchill does not agree that the policy of unconditional surrender prolonged the war. He himself says it raised issues 'which will . . . certainly be long debated'. They will indeed. I personally believe that its effect, particularly in relation to the bomber offensive, was unfortunate, and I do not think any subsequent explanations watering it down—such as those by Churchill in June and Roosevelt in December 1943—had much effect in countering its value to Hitler and Goebbels. However, that is a matter of opinion. Its effect should not be overrated, and certainly I would not go so far as the view which I recently heard expressed, by someone whose opinion is entitled to respect, that it was one of the most disastrous decisions of the war.

But I am still intrigued by the question of how it came about that the phrase 'unconditional surrender' was let loose by the President at that press conference on January 24. Sir Winston in his book says he was rather surprised by that, though I am not clear why he should have been, because he had asked the War Cabinet three days earlier for their views on making such a statement and they had not demurred. Roosevelt himself, according to Sherwood, gave the impression that it was all impromptu: he said 'the thought popped into my mind that they called Grant "Old Unconditional Surrender" and the next thing I knew I had said it'.

I was talking about this the other day to a very able and experienced American officer who was closely associated with the councils of the American Chiefs of Staff at the time. I told him I had sat through all the Combined Chiefs of Staff discussions at Casablanca, and to the best of my recollection the question of unconditional surrender was never argued by them there; had it been discussed by the American Chiefs before Casablanca? He produced what I thought was rather an interesting theory, which I give you for what it is worth—he is certainly not a man to say things without good reason. He said the American Chiefs had certainly discussed it, and had agreed with the President that our policy should be to insist on unconditional surrender of the armed forces, and that the President at the press conference at Casablanca forgot to include those last words, 'of the armed forces'. How much difference it would have made, I would not like to guess. It is certainly true that unconditional surrender of armed forces is a perfectly reasonable demand, while unconditional surrender of a nation does not really make sense. It may be significant that the Potsdam declaration did say in its concluding paragraph

'We call upon the Government of Japan to proclaim now the unconditional surrender of all the Japanese armed forces'.

The Rising in Warsaw

I have not touched on a number of points in these volumes that I would have liked to discuss, such as the central organisation for the higher direction of the war, discussed in three interesting chapters at the end of Volume VI; the great American campaigns in the Pacific, and the outrageous behaviour of Stalin in connection with the surrender negotiations in Switzerland. The story behind Bor-Komorowski's tragic rising in Warsaw in August and September 1944 is well told; if I am sometimes intemperate about the men in the Kremlin, that is at least partly due to the fact that, for my sins, I had to try to sustain the Underground Army in Warsaw with airborne supplies from Italy (and lost several hundred British, Polish, and South African airmen in the process) while the Russians, with the Red Army in the suburbs of Warsaw, even refused sanctuary to my crippled aircraft, 700 miles from base—sometimes with dead and wounded men on board.

But I must say a few words about what was perhaps the most momentous and appalling decision ever made in war: the decision to drop the first atomic bomb. I cannot attempt to summarise briefly all the discussions about this, but there were three crucial questions: first, whether Japanese capitulation could be enforced by air action (coupled with the effects of the blockade), or whether it would still be necessary to invade Japan; secondly, whether it would be necessary—even desirable—to use the atom bomb, or whether the same result could be achieved by intensifying the 'conventional' fire bombing then in progress; and, thirdly, whether to give any preliminary warning or demonstration.

The third is relatively easily disposed of. The answer is that the bomb had not yet been dropped from the air and there was no certainty that it would go off. As that wise old statesman Henry Stimson has said: 'Nothing could have been more damaging to our effort to obtain surrender than a warning or demonstration followed by a dud—and this was a real possibility'.

On the question of invasion, there were some in high places (and not only Air Force officers) who believed that Japan could be brought to her knees without it. But the U.S. War Department (that is to say, the army) thought it would be essential. And, from experience of the way the Japanese had fought in the Pacific islands, it was believed that an invasion of the homeland would involve a bitter struggle, costing perhaps as many as a million American casualties. The War Department were supported by the Combined Intelligence Committee—whose case I admit I find unconvincing and in places self-contradictory. At the time, the U.S. Air Force was dropping some 40,000 tons a month on the Japanese home islands, by then often from low levels and against little effective opposition. The Intelligence people themselves estimated in July (only a month before the surrender) that the result of this would be: 'Japan will become a nation without cities, with her transportation disrupted, and will have tremendous difficulty in holding her people together for continued resistance to our terms of unconditional surrender'. This must obviously remain a matter of opinion. I, for one, do not believe that any people—even a people so fanatically brave as the Japanese—could have put up with that much longer, even in the face of the demand for unconditional surrender, which actually was modified by the Potsdam Declaration within a month after the words I have just quoted were written. No one can say whether the end would have come before November, which was the date set for the invasion of Kyushu. But by that date, as Stimson later said, 'additional fire raids by the B.29s would have been more destructive of life and property than the very limited number of atomic raids that we could have executed in the same period'. (The Japanese, by the way, had no means of knowing how very few atom bombs were actually available.)

The Case for the A-bomb

I believe myself that Japan would have surrendered before long to the 'conventional' bombing. But that is not really the point. As Mr. Ehrman says, 'the case for the A-bomb lay not only in its material but in its moral effect . . . it produced a new standard of destruction, even if the amount of destruction caused by the small number of bombs available was not in itself decisive'. And, to quote Stimson

(continued on page 843)

NEWS DIARY

November 14-20

Wednesday, November 14

U.N. Secretary-General instructs international police force to start moving from Italy to Egypt

President Eisenhower says United States Government will oppose any entry of Soviet 'volunteers' into the Middle East

Dispute between United Kingdom and Iceland over fishing rights is settled

Thursday, November 15

Mr. Bulganin sends new Notes to Britain, France, and Israel about Egypt

Thousands of workers demonstrate in Budapest against deportation of Hungarians to Russia

Homicide Bill receives unopposed second reading in Commons

Friday, November 16

It is reported that the Suez Canal has been blocked by forty-nine ships

U.N. Secretary-General begins talks with President Nasser in Cairo

Minister of Fuel appeals to motorists not to drive for pleasure at the week-end

Saturday, November 17

Prime Minister defends Anglo-French action in Egypt at a Conservative rally in London

Soviet Union proposes a new conference of Heads of Government to discuss disarmament

First refugees from Hungary arrive in Britain

Sunday, November 18

A joint statement is published by Soviet and Polish leaders about the relations between their countries after a meeting in Moscow

Hungarian workers remain on strike as protest against deportations to Russia. Russian infantry reinforcements are reported to be moving into Hungary

Egyptian Government asks for help from the United Nations in clearing the Suez Canal after non-Egyptian troops have been withdrawn from the Zone

Monday, November 19

Prime Minister cancels his engagements on medical advice on account of overstrain

Mr. Djilas, former Communist leader, is arrested in Yugoslavia

Pravda attacks Marshal Tito

Tuesday, November 20

Petrol to be rationed from December 17. Private motorists to be allowed sufficient for 200 miles a month

Release of some reservists to begin on Thursday

Government denies it received advance information of Israeli attack on Egypt



United Nations observers driving in white-painted field cars across 'no-man's land' from the Anglo-French lines to take up their positions in the Suez Canal Zone last week. The airlift into the Canal Zone of troops of the United Nations Emergency Force from the assembly point in Naples began on November 15. Inset: the badge worn by members of the United Nations force. It is gold-plated and faced with the United Nations shield in blue and white. Each man will wear the uniform of his own country



Mr. Dennis Chinnery as Proteus and Mr. Robert Speaight as Esquire in an adaptation of an Elizabethan masque given in the presence of Her Majesty the Queen in the hall of Gray's Inn on November 13. The masque was first performed at Christmas, 1594. The last reigning monarch to attend a masque at one of the Inns of Court was King Charles II

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U Thant, Secretary-General of the United Nations, arriving in Egypt to talk with President Nasser about the employment of the inter-continental force. Mr. Hammarskjöld returned to New York on Sunday



Some of the first of the 2,500 Hungarian refugees who are to make their homes in this country arriving at Blackbushe Airport from Vienna on November 17. In Hungary there was no sign of the workers ending their three-weeks' strike in spite of Russian reprisals



Jewish ex-Servicemen held its annual remembrance service at the Royal Albert Hall, London, last Sunday. Admiral Lord Mountbatten, First Sea Lord and Chief of Naval Staff, is seen inspecting the parade



Members of the Order of the Bath walking in procession through the cloisters of Westminster Abbey to the King Henry VII Chapel on November 15 for the service at which eight new Knights of the Order were installed. The Queen, as Sovereign of the Order, attended the ceremony

Left: interior of the Gothic Hall of Roche Old Court, Wiltshire, for which the Ministry of Works is making a grant towards repairs. The hall projects from the south side of the house (a small manor partly rebuilt in the early seventeenth century) and dates from about 1400

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(continued from page 839)

again, 'the atomic bomb was more than a weapon of terrible destruction; it was a psychological weapon'. So I think the only possible conclusion is that the use of the bomb was inevitable, to make as sure as humanly possible of eliminating what majority opinion among the people responsible at the time regarded as the only alternative—an appallingly costly invasion of Japan.

All that is now what the Americans call 'water over the dam'. To me, the really interesting thing today is that, some months before the first nuclear weapon was used, its potential value as what we now call 'the Great Deterrent' was already occupying the minds of some of the scientists on the committee charged with considering the political

questions involved. In a report, quoted in Volume VI, we read that some of them 'believe that such use will improve the international prospects, in that they are more concerned with the prevention of war than with the elimination of this special weapon'.

I do not think I can close this talk more appropriately than by a quotation from Mr. Stimson's book. 'In this last great action of the second world war', he wrote, 'we were given final proof that war is death . . . The bombs dropped on Hiroshima and Nagasaki ended a war. They also made it wholly clear that we must never have another war. This is the lesson men and leaders everywhere must learn, and I believe that when they learn it they will find a way to lasting peace. There is no other choice'.—*Third Programme*

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

The Future of the Humanities

Sir,—I feel slightly embarrassed about having to say how much I agree with what Mr. Burn writes of the necessity for young scientists to become interested in 'humane studies' and for arts at the university, therefore, to cease being a matter of mere scholarship. For Mr. Burn suggests that in saying this he is agreeing with Mr. Corbett and that I failed to take Mr. Corbett's point: 'No educated man desires a "casual relinquishing of our humane and spiritual culture"'. Since the word 'humane' does play a part in Mr. Burn's thought on the subject (as it does not in Mr. Corbett's), I wonder whether he will agree that the need of which he speaks is partly a matter of the present-day student's needing to learn, by having his attention and interest quite consciously directed there, that human life is something richer, subtler, and deeper than what he is engaged with in his professional scientific work. And will he agree with two further suggestions—that the need has been growing more and more urgent, and that an awareness of the kind I refer to is the condition of, say, an intelligent and humane interest in politics?

It was a lack of awareness in this respect that I found in the complacency with which Mr. Corbett spoke of 'our scientific civilisation'. The shallowness could be observed, I thought, in such a statement as this:

But the economic and scientific revolution which has triumphed in this society is making medieval, Tudor, and even Stuart England almost as remote from us in sentiment as early China.

Does this astonishing statement, leaving out in its 'marxism' so much of what makes up human life, spring from a reading of history such as Mr. Burn desiderates, a history 'humanely studied'? Perhaps, against this, I can further indicate what I meant by 'our humane and spiritual culture' by suggesting that the quality of the life in Chaucer, Thomas More, and Shakespeare is such as to make a study of them capable of intimately affecting us, engaging us, and mattering to us—as men rather than units—in a way that even a study of recent international history and of social science cannot to the same extent. For D. H. Lawrence is as much a part of 'our scientific civilisation' as atomic energy, and is more related, I would suggest, to what it is that continues to make life really worth living.

Although his letter (like your current editorial) places what I feel to be an unduly predominant stress just on the political effects, Mr. Burn is aware of some of the things in the

contemporary world that threaten this humanity. For that reason I am surprised that he seems to feel that I had no provocation for what I said of Mr. Corbett's talk. He will probably not have read the article in the *New Statesman and Nation* to which I referred and of which I felt Mr. Corbett's talk was too reminiscent: in an article on the universities Mr. R. H. S. Crossman attacked the position of the arts and recommended the examples of other nations—'The American and Russian civilisations are both dominated by material values, and have a frankly pragmatic attitude towards education'. If what I criticise in Mr. Corbett's talk was, after all, just carelessness, I shall be very glad to learn that I did misinterpret his general attitude and that he would agree with Mr. Burn and myself that this attitude of Mr. Crossman's is not that of an educated man.

There is perhaps one matter in which I slightly disagree with Mr. Burn. He appears to me to underestimate the difficulties which distinguished educationists have usually found in planning an adequate liberal education, a humane training for life of intelligence and judgement. It seems to me very important for that reason to pay attention to the large but carefully considered claims that have been made for the central humanising role in education of a study of English literature (in preference to history or classics): at the level of schools and adult education there are such things as the government-appointed committee's report on 'The Teaching of English' (which, though its date is 1921, is far from obsolete), and at the university level there is Dr. Leavis' book. I have, of course, to concede that in practice a great deal, though not all, of literary education bears very little relation to the substance of these works and only too unhappily justifies Mr. Burn's charge of mere minute and impractical linguistic scholarship.

Yours, etc.,
J. M. NEWTON

Cambridge

China Revisited

Sir,—Mr. Wint says that he does not wish to enter into a dispute with me. I must respect his discretion, but since he states that he read *The People's Daily* 'in English', I would hasten to explain that I did not for one moment suspect him of having consulted the original. However, I welcome the opportunity he has given me of exposing the fake translation which is typical of the information regarding China on which a section of the British public has to rely.

Yours, etc.,
VICTOR PURCELL

Cambridge

The Gospel and the Historian

Sir,—In reply to the Rev. J. K. Nettlefold I would like to point out that, while I am well aware of the critical difficulties which confront scholars in the comparison of St. John's Gospel with the other three, I wanted in my talk to discuss more fundamental problems. One cannot say everything in twenty minutes.

While agreeing that the fourth Gospel 'gives the profoundest and truest interpretation of Christ's life and teaching of any of the Gospels', I maintain that it follows from this that its claim to historicity must be taken at least as seriously as that of the other Gospels. Former criticism has sought to reveal the element of interpretation in all the Gospels. One cannot single out one Gospel as less 'historical'—or more 'historical'—than the others. Scholarship more recent than Loisy's will, I think, sustain the claim that the fourth Gospel is no less historical than the others.

Yours, etc.,
J. N. SANDERS

Cambridge

The New 'Establishment' in Criticism

Sir,—I am not trying to 'blind Mr. Wharton with science' but to open his eyes with common sense. It seemed to me not unlikely (as he will note if he re-reads my letter) that he should be cognisant of the mysteries of floral clocks; and, I too, having read *Some Versions of Pastoral*, am aware that Professor Empson knows all about the 'land-creatures in the sea'. But what are we to call knowledge that is possessed but not applied? Professor Empson writes: 'complexity is already there if "strait" only means "at once"; if the kettle goes overboard in the real sea you won't find it at once'. What Marvell wanted to say, prosaically speaking, was: 'The mind is a place where objects find their own resemblances at once'. Now did he go on to argue: 'What is a good symbol for the mind? The ocean!?' Or: 'What is a good symbol for a place where objects find their own resemblances? The ocean!?' If the first, then Professor Empson's observation is just and relevant; but if (as we can in fact be certain it, at any rate primarily, is) the second, then his 'complexity' becomes chimerical.

Mr. Wharton's remarks on 'the Zodiac' in his second letter are excellent, and I agree entirely with him—though they are no more news to me than the 'floral clock' is to him. I have no doubt that if Mr. Wharton and I were to sit down to 'explicate' the poem together, our differences would be only trivial. It is not a

question of interpretation but of emphasis. Mr. Wharton has got the proportions all wrong. Admittedly a certain amount of large-small, eternal-ephemeral, stuff can be read into a couple of stanzas—so they could probably into most other poems. I obviously cannot cite the whole of 'The Garden' here, but the openings of the remaining stanzas may at least serve to remind Mr. Wharton, and other readers, of the way the poem goes:

How vainly men themselves amaze
To win the palm, the oak or bays!

Fair Quiet, have I found thee here,
And Innocence, thy sister dear?

No white nor red was ever seen
So amorous as this lovely green.

When we have run our passion's heat,
Love hither makes his best retreat!

What wond'rous life is this I lead!
Ripe apples drop about my head;

Here at the fountain's sliding foot,
Or at some fruit-tree's mossy root,...

Such was that happy garden-state,
While man there walked without a mate:

Is this, in the name of common sense, a poem about large-small paradoxes, or about retreat into the quietness of gardens?

I know it is currently considered naive to pay much attention to 'a prose summary of what can be peeled off the surface of a poem'. Is it really so simple-minded to believe that a master of language means in the first place what in the first place he appears to mean? May I draw an analogy from a sister art? The 'prose meaning' of a poem may be likened, *mutatis mutandis*, to the 'subject' of a painting. What may be called 'representational' and 'abstractional' values coexist in a painting, though the one or the other will predominate in any given canvas. When a predominantly abstractional artist, like the middle Picasso, paints a young lady, I see a more (or less) pleasing interrelation of forms and colours. To revert to my earlier image, Picasso has had a good hard look at the wall-paper and then painted only the faces he sees in it. But when Renoir or Botticelli paints a young lady, one wants to stick one's head into the frame and kiss her. She is in fact the (apparently despised) prose-meaning of the picture. Marvell belonged to an almost exclusively representational century; there is no reason at all to suppose that the 'central thought' of any poem of his is other than it immediately appears to be.

May I assure Mr. Wharton that, in referring to his 'sailing in', I had in mind the movement of his neat ship over 'that Ocean', and not any incongruous and derogatory images of prize-fighters?

Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.10

HILARY CORKE

'The Songs and Sonets of John Donne'

Sir,—A distinguished young colleague of mine asked me the other evening whether I had seen the 'unspeakable' review in THE LISTENER of November 1 of my edition of Donne's *Songs and Sonets* recently published by Methuen. I had not then read it, but have since done so. This review (if indeed it deserves to be called a 'review') is obviously the product of a mean mood, if not a mean mind, as many readers may have noticed. That it also springs from a crude and inaccurate one I hope now to show.

The reviewer represents my introduction as a mere summary of previous scholarship and criticism. In actual fact, I at least claim that considerable parts of it are mildly original, whatever their quality. What is new and what is

old will readily be recognised by scholars really familiar with the subject. The reviewer goes on to say that my text is 'based on Grierson's, with modernised spelling and punctuation'. This statement completely obscures the fact that I have revised every word and comma of the text, consulted manuscripts which have come to light since Grierson's edition, re-examined a number of the manuscripts examined by him, and adopted in a fair number of cases different readings from his. Your reviewer then comes back to the introduction, and, after allowing it to be 'factually adequate', states that it nevertheless contains some dubious inferences. He only gives one 'example', which, even as it stands in his review, is not dubious, but which is, in any case, a garbled version of my own much more cautious statement.

With regard to my notes, your reviewer says that they consist 'of the provision of synonyms'. There he makes three mistakes: (1) He leaves out of account the many notes on textual points; (2) he utterly ignores the serious attempts made to solve baffling cruces, and to indicate latent difficulties in the poems which might well remain unnoticed on a superficial reading; (3) he suggests that whenever I offer an explanation of meaning I am offering a 'synonym', whereas often all that I have offered is an indication of some element in the meaning that might have been missed. One is not trying to write poetry in the notes, but simply to help towards the understanding of poetry. Such notes as do offer synonyms your reviewer impugns as some 'unhappy', some 'elementary', and 'nearly all unnecessary'. His example of the 'unhappy' materially misquotes Donne. That of the 'elementary' overlooks a possible misinterpretation ('conceited' instead of 'ineffectual' for vain). That they are 'nearly all unnecessary' considerable experience with intelligent people (some even quite familiar with Donne) convinces me is entirely untrue.

Your reviewer then concentrates on a few trivialities. We do not, apparently, need to be told that 'of' in the title *A Valediction: of weeping* means 'on', but would no intelligent person be tempted to think that the title might mean: 'A Farewell to Weeping'? When your reviewer goes on to say that 'Most of the notes are qualified by phrases like "after much hesitation"', I imagine scarcely anyone will believe him. I have occasionally used such indications of caution, generally when I have adopted a reading different from Grierson's. In textual matters I like to think that caution is a virtue. If elsewhere I have been more cautious than necessary I must plead the Scottish element in my blood. Your reviewer ends his comments on the notes by pointing out (as if the source of a note affected its value to readers) that 'many' of my notes 'are ascribed to various academic colleagues, to such an extent that the book seems almost the work of a syndicate'. With inconvenient lack of humour I have counted the notes referred to. They amount to twenty-nine out of a total of 638. Readers may wish to conclude that the suggestion of a 'syndicate' was simply the result of slipshod reading and the lack of a sense of responsibility.

The 'review' winds up with a paragraph disclaiming the need for such detailed commentary on Donne's poems. It starts with the baseless and silly remark that 'Dr. Redpath seems to assume that Donne's English is a foreign language that requires modernising as Pope modernised the fourth satire'. (Your reviewer shows his knowledge of English literature here.) Pope, as many schoolboys know, was not simply writing a poem to help to indicate Donne's meaning to the readers of his day. He was 'versifying' Donne's satire, because Donne's numbers were too rough for Augustan ears, and he was also greatly changing it, adapting it at

many turns to the circumstances of contemporary life. Your reviewer's reference to Pope is, indeed, utterly beside the point. There is no suggestion anywhere in my edition, to a reader who is neither dense nor disingenuous, that I think that Donne's language needs 'modernising' in any such way. I take it that readers wish to read Donne in his own language. The *Songs and Sonets* are the thing. My assumption was, and is, that Donne is hard for modern readers. We know he was hard for his contemporaries. Why should he be easier 300 years later?

I well remember Grierson, with those years of scholarship and familiarity with Donne behind him, saying to me only a few years ago, in reference to the *Songs and Sonets*: 'Donne remains, after all, a difficult poet'. I know that this is also the opinion of one of my former mentors, and now valued friend, I. A. Richards. At least two of the four critics mentioned by your reviewer in his final barrage would adopt a less optimistic view than he of the capacity of modern readers to cope with the poems without help. Your reviewer is scornful of the idea that we should need detailed commentary to understand 'a great poet of our own heritage'. 'What is the point of having a vernacular at all?' he asks. But does he think that we should have got very far with understanding the detail of Shakespeare without the long tradition of detailed commentary (so full of happy thoughts as well as of errors and absurdities)? And such a tradition hardly exists in the case of Donne, whose work is at least as difficult. Donne's 'vernacular' is no more the same as ours than Shakespeare's is, and his ways of thinking and writing are probably even less familiar to modern readers.

I have found it necessary to write at such length because it seemed to me that the appearance of such a 'review' in a periodical with the wide circulation of THE LISTENER might prevent my book from ever reaching the hands of many people who might read it more carefully and make better use of it than your reviewer has done.

Yours, etc.,

THEODORE REDPATH

Cambridge

'The Less Deceived'

Sir,—May I, too, contribute my mite to the health of contemporary letters by disapproving of something? Though *Lucky Jim* was the title of a moderately funny book it is not a useful critical category; and I admire Mr. Philip Larkin's poetry so greatly that I was sorry to see your reviewer (THE LISTENER, November 15) attacking it with that blunt instrument. It is true that Mr. Larkin has an ambiguous love-hate relation with the rather seedy world in which we all spend a great deal of our time, and that this sometimes affects his diction: but it becomes quite unimportant in comparison with the inescapable distinction of language and feeling in his best pieces.

Among these is 'Churchgoing', and it is especially unfortunate that this admirable poem should be described as 'embarrassingly gauche'. Since it is a particularly dexterous piece of versification, apart from the dignity and honesty of its close, I can only assume that your reviewer is confusing the act of removing one's bicycle clips (an ungraceful operation which the poem does mention) with the quite different act of writing verse. Later he makes amends and does Mr. Larkin more justice. But the habit of leaving no red brick turned lest Mr. Amis' hero should be found lurking beneath it is becoming rather an obstruction to criticism.

Yours, etc.,

GRAHAM HOUGH

Cambridge

Six Virtues for Authors—I

Honesty in Fiction

ANTHONY QUINTON gives the first of six talks

FOR a novel reader it is a refreshing and beautiful experience to come across a heroine who is described like this: 'Her figure was meagre, her face seemed all teeth and eyes . . . she twisted her face about when she spoke'. That is Margaret Schlegel in E. M. Forster's *Howard's End*, the book's pivotal character and undoubtedly a sympathetic one. Much more often novels contain an improbably vast proportion of beautiful characters, while the ugly ones are either melodramatically hideous or compellingly attractive in spite of their ugliness. The intellectual equipment of people in fiction is almost as striking. They tend to have a pentecostal command of foreign languages (failing to communicate when abroad is usually treated as a sort of comic excess and not as the normal case). Their acquaintance with the world's great literature is worthy of a book-reviewer. They have an easy, disengaged mastery of their own professions, and sometimes other people's. Their conversation has a highly finished glitter. Then there is their remarkable perceptiveness about one another, their knowledge of what is going on in each others' minds and of what each others' remarks really mean. So much for strictly intellectual endowments.

The next thing to notice is their social and financial situation. They often seem to know an uncommonly large number of rich, important, and influential people. If they worry about money at all it is on a gigantic scale. Rather less palpably the more favoured characters are often members of an inner circle of persons really in the know.

Impossibly Ravishing Women

Before I go any further I had better produce some examples. Obvious ones are most easily come by in the literature of entertainment and I shall not restrict myself to instances drawn from the more seriously intended sort of book where the virtue of honesty really matters. To start with, let us consider physical beauty. In the ordinary thriller, of course, there is nothing to distinguish the chorus-line of female characters from one another but the colour of their hair. Indeed, the peopling of novels with impossibly ravishing women is generally so widespread that it is almost unfair to single out particular cases. But the uniform ease with which Graham Greene's bruised, middle-aged heroes manage to attract the devotion of beautiful young women is extreme enough to deserve a mention. Consider D in *The Confidential Agent*, Rowe in *The Ministry of Fear*, Scobie in *The Heart of the Matter*, Maurice in *The End of the Affair*, Bertram in *Loser Takes All*, Fowler in *The Quiet American*. These characters, for all the doleful inertia into which life has battered them, show an amazing dexterity in getting hold of young, lovely, and energetic mistresses. A peculiarly rich example of the same sort of fantasy occurs in Hemingway's *Across the River and Into the Trees*, which is, generally, a gold-mine of examples of all forms of my vice. Here an elderly, inarticulate, and pretty dilapidated American colonel has, in some unexplained way, secured the love of a woman who is at once extremely young, Italian, blonde, and a countess. When you consider that she is also deeply understanding and sympathetic to the poor old colonel, it becomes clear that her creator has lost touch with the decencies of fiction.

Then there are those gazelle-like creatures, insufferably sensitive and cultivated, who glide through the books of Elizabeth Bowen and Rosamond Lehmann. They often seem to be not so much people as partially embodied ideas of femininity and sensitiveness. They are the upper-class analogues of another purely functional kind of novelist's woman: those painted surfaces who excite the senses of Chandler's Philip Marlowe and Ian Fleming's James Bond.

Really beautiful women are, I should imagine, rare and, by and large, peculiar. Unless there is something wrong with them, such as great stupidity, they are usually fairly unpleasant. They have to be. Like the very rich they need some sort of defence against the raging opportunities of everyone else. It is a universal experience to glimpse what appears to be an extraordinarily beautiful woman in the middle distance who turns out on closer inspection to be nothing out

of the ordinary. The imagination of novelists often suffers from a similar optical defect. Physical attraction in the real world depends more on minor details than on the standard and obvious charms. The down on Dolly Bolkonsky's upper lip that Tolstoy keeps harping on is more to the point than the garage-calendar attributes of the standard fictional beauty.

Playing Fair with the Reader

This obsession with improving on nature is so usual in novels that one becomes used to it. It is like the convention that actors and actresses should be good looking; something so ordinary that only a visitor from Mars would complain about it. All the same it is satisfactory to come across Margaret Schlegel or Esther in Dickens' *Bleak House*. It is a sign that the author is determined to play fair with his readers; that he is trying to illuminate the world they actually inhabit and to resist the enticements of day-dreaming.

Intellectual excellence, because it is less passionately desired, is rather less liberally scattered about. The really striking thing about it is the way in which people in fiction manage to get and hold on to it when there are so many other calls on their time. The great man for this is John Buchan. It escapes comprehension how Sandy Arbuthnot is able to hang on to his mastery of Himalayan hill-dialects as well as keeping up with the fashions of artistic life in Paris well enough to pass as a true Left Bank 'bohemian'. This kind of absurdity is perfectly welcome in Buchan. Part of Buchan's charm lies in the artlessness and grandeur of his falsifications. But the same general kind of thing happens with more disastrous effects higher up the scale. Take Proust's Swann, for instance. How does he manage to keep his place in a particularly airless and exclusive kind of high society, a place he has acquired by his charm in the face of serious hereditary obstacles, when there is so much else on his plate? For besides the exhaustions of high life there is his dedicated pursuit of women to be kept up and his pretensions to expertise in the field of art criticism to be justified. C. P. Snow's Lewis Eliot is a sort of poor man's Swann. His reputation in the eyes of his friends is hard to square with the reluctant monosyllables that are all that they ever seem able to extract from him. 'I'm asking you this, Lewis, because you always understand so well', they say to him, but all they get in return is 'Well', or 'I don't know'.

You can look almost in vain in most novels for some awareness of the inadequacy of life to our intentions—for something about the friendships that rust over from disuse, the manuals of Spanish grammar slowly disappearing under the dust, the introductions that never led to anything, the stringless tennis rackets, the unread school prizes. Where you do come across a character who is surrounded with a general clutter of unfinished projects it usually turns out that he is meant to be taken as more or less comic. But is not anyone with any imagination at all something of an Oblomov?

Buchan's Obsession with Useful Circles

Buchan, again, provides the purest and most monstrous examples of the novelist's obsession with inner circles and useful connections. When things look like getting out of hand there is always MacGillivray at Scotland Yard, and half the Cabinet seem to be related to one's wife. In tight spots the crofter in whose shed one is hiding turns out to have been one's old batman and the villain's chauffeur to have married Archie Roylance's nanny. In general people come magnificently to hand; it is a small world and one is in every bit of it. To move up a little to Hemingway's colonel: it is hard enough to credit that in Venice of all places there should be a secret society of waiters; what is altogether too much is that the old colonel should be a member of this mystical brotherhood.

In a more directly Buchanish form the concept of the inner circle gets a good run for its money in the later novels of Evelyn Waugh and the books of his disciples—Nancy Mitford and Christopher Sykes. There is a good deal of this kind of thing in Kipling—remember the

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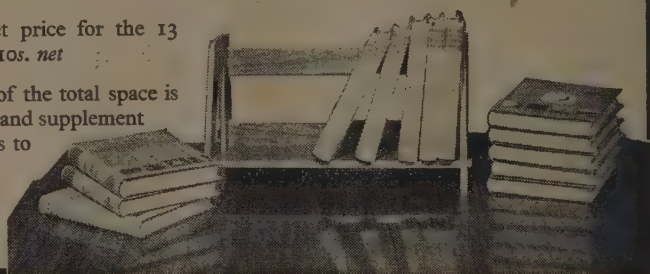
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(BLOCK LETTERS).....

L.T.

headmaster in *Stalky and Co.* I am not, of course, denying that a number of people were at Eton together. What I do doubt is their marvellous accessibility to one another and the idea that, however things may look, behind all the outward muddle and confusion of politics, there is a system of firm and interlocked hands, working in a way we do not see and for purposes we do not envisage. The world, even the great world, is not that cosy.

Not 'True to Life'

The virtue whose rarity I have been lamenting is quite simply honesty. It may sound an absurd-thing to ask for in a novel, which is a product of the imagination. But obviously the ordinary sort of novel is meant to be in some respects true to life. There are many ways in which a novel can fail in this. Few people have ever lived at the moral pace of Henry James' characters, Hardy's plots abound with grotesque coincidences, you do not often come across people with the lunatic consistency of most of Dickens' creations. But these peculiarities have a technical point, or they are used to express a more or less serious and arguable attitude to the world. Henry James describes lives whose moral texture is unrealistically thick because he wants to bring nuances of thought and feeling to light that are no more than fleeting intimations in ordinary life. He magnifies what seems to him important, what he takes to be the real subject-matter of the novel. Hardy, on the other hand, wants to express his sense of the world's alienness, its indifference to human wishes, so as to deny any kind of ultimate harmony between men and the world they live in. I am not, then, saying that novels ought to be social surveys, pieces of photographic realism, inspired by the ideals of Zola and Gissing. There are many different kinds of departure from strict literalness, and few of them are, properly speaking, dishonest.

Suppose you ask someone to describe a party he has been to and you have not. You will not mind a bare recital of who was there and what there was to drink. A more or less subjective account may be enjoyable and illuminating, whether it is malicious or despondent or exaggerated. The one thing you will not want is a string of merely boring falsehoods, a prolonged egotistical farrago about the brilliant remarks your friend made, the deference with which the important guests treated him, the striking impression he made on such-and-such glamorous or titled personages. This tiresome and perhaps particularly English sort of absence of good faith comes out with special nakedness in such things as descriptions of parties—above all to those who have not been invited. It is different from two other sorts of lying, from the good old practical variety to which one resorts to help on the sale of a lawn-mower and from what may be called Celtic or nautical lying, which is not meant to be believed but just to be enjoyed for its own sake.

So far, like most moralisers, I have paid more attention to vice than to virtue. One good reason for this is that in books, as in life, dishonesty is infuriating and sometimes even spectacular, whereas honesty is a cumulative and unremarkable thing. Still, I can offer something besides Margaret Schlegel. To stick to Forster, consider the way in which those two remarkable old women—Mrs. Wilcox and Mrs. Moore—obstinately resist being turned into goddesses. Mrs. Wilcox is a placid source of sympathy and love in the midst of her grasping, conventional, and generally abominable family. She represents to Margaret a more substantial and deeply rooted way of living than anything offered by the brittle tradition of liberal enlightenment that sustains the Schlegel family. Yet she can be tiresome and unforthcoming. Shortly before her death, she meets Margaret at the Christmas-card counter of a London store and is withdrawn and morose. Mrs. Moore is the only wholly attractive western character in *A Passage to India*, the only one who manages to be quite undeliberately friendly to Indians. Yet after the disastrous outing to the Malabar caves, when she might have been able to do something for the unfortunate Aziz, she retires incommunicatively and grumpily into herself. With her, as with Mrs. Wilcox, this mood of sullen detachment is a sign of approaching death.

Reverence Restrained

These two old ladies, Mrs. Moore especially, stand for what Forster most admires, truly natural or intuitive goodness, a sort of openness of heart. Neither of them is particularly cultivated or at all intellectual. Forster realises that this is their weakness as well as their strength. If it preserves them from the shallowness of a liberal outlook that rests simply on abstract principle, it exposes them to the whims and momentary reversals of feeling against which principles are a defence.

He puts this liability firmly into his picture. Understanding old women are a grave temptation; they can become too morally intuitive to be true. Forster firmly refuses to let his reverence run away with him.

To take a different, and perhaps less important, sort of example, the appeal of books like William Cooper's *Scenes from Provincial Life* and Kingsley Amis' *Lucky Jim* does not rest entirely on their being extremely funny. They also deal with the world we actually live in in an illuminatingly honest way. They provide the same sort of satisfaction as a friend's confession to us of a vice we have never dared openly to admit to. The love affair in *Scenes from Provincial Life* and the business of Jim's relations with Margaret in *Lucky Jim* reoccupy bits of territory that had been grimly tyrannised over by literary artifice. The same sort of thing, a kind of innocence of vision, makes *The Diary of a Nobody* a better book by any standards than *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel*.

Having come thus far I must step back behind a few qualifications. Some of them arise from the very nature of virtues. A virtue is an ordinary matter, not the special property of saints and geniuses. It is something we look for in the normal run of things. A man or a book can be great without a given virtue and can have the virtue without being great. No one who reads novels at all reads only masterpieces, and honesty is something to look for in the main mass of novels. In the second place, to think that honesty is a virtue and an important one is not to suggest that it is the only one. The quality I have been trying to define is not meant to be an all-purpose criterion of excellence.

The kind of honesty I have been talking about is to be looked for only in more or less straight novels. We do not bother about it in purely entertainment fiction. All the same, the best novels of entertainment (those of Eric Ambler, for example, or Roy Fuller) do let us take them seriously just because they are honest in the sense I have been getting at. Compare Ambler's dazed and likely heroes with the fudicrous James Bond, who is a kind of partially animated advertisement for vodka. A more important reservation arises from the fact that some novels are fables. There is no point in trying to assess the honesty of Kafka's *Amerika* or *Seven Gothic Tales* or *The Green Child* or *Cards of Identity* or *Zuleika Dobson* or *Mr. Weston's Good Wine*. These are like extravagant lying of the sort that is not meant to deceive, self-contained affairs, free constructions devoid of representative intention.

Roundabout Transcription of Experience

I do not think my plea for honesty is just a personal quirk. And the type of bogusness I have been complaining about is not simply a technical fault, as interfering with the suspension of disbelief, though this is part of what is wrong with it. There are two more fundamental things on which I would rest my case. First, a general point: lack of good faith is as destructive of a fertile relationship between writer and reader as it is to the prospects of any other human contact. A collapse of trust at one place tends to propagate itself in all directions. If my confidence is jolted by some character's absurdly unpalatable knowledge of vintages or of little restaurants better than anything in the French guide-books, I am going to be sceptical of the validity of his religious doubts or the seriousness of his difficulties with his wife. A novel is a transcription of experience, though a complex and roundabout one. The dishonesties I have been discussing undermine a novel's whole claim to one's serious attention because they suggest that experience has been rearranged in it in accordance with trivial and more or less ridiculous desires. Secondly, a more local consideration: from time to time it is necessary to protest against some more or less enervating literary convention. *Cold Comfort Farm* nailed down the coffin on a preposterous view of rural life. A currently reprehensible sort of book is that 'Hampsteady' kind of novel in which perfectly tailored men who have read all of Henry James are brutally unfaithful to their wives. When I read these novels, I suspect that a high-toned advertiser's ideal of gracious living means more to their author than real human relationships do. If there is one thing above all I want to complain about it is the abuse of creative ability by dragging it into the service of a kind of veiled boasting.—*Home Service*

Mr. Frank Swinnerton's Third Programme talks about writers known to him only by their work—Hardy, Henry James, Conrad, D. H. Lawrence, and George Saintsbury—are now obtainable in book form: *Authors I Never Met* (Frederick Books: Allen and Unwin, 7s. 6d.). A sixth and specially written note on Norman Douglas has been added.

Art

Max Ernst

By LAWRENCE ALLOWAY

A CHARACTERISTIC of modern artists has been their tendency to form groups, out of the mixed motives of fraternity, self-definition, and protection from a hostile public. Now that the movements they formed are settling back into history and losing their topical claims to revelation and truth, what is the position of the individual members of such groups? Deprived of the support of the group some collapse, whereas others emerge from the ruins of the movements taller than before, to be reassessed in a new context of changed aesthetics. The problem is not confined to dead artists, such as Mondrian, who appears as a painter in his own right to be worth more than the principles of *de stijl* as a movement. It occurs, too, in the case of living artists, such as Max Ernst, a survivor of surrealism, who is now sixty-five years of age.

The Matthiesen Gallery has improvised a retrospective exhibition of Max Ernst round two groups of paintings, one of unfamiliar and very important works of 1927-1929 and one of paintings of 1951-1956. By taking advantage of the fact that Ernst is one of the few modern artists well represented in British collections the gallery has by means of loans patched together a jumpy chronology. Despite omissions, however, the individual paintings are impressive and encourage us to consider the status of Max Ernst without surrealism.

The most quotable definition of surrealism, by André Breton, has it as 'pure psychic automatism, by which it is intended to express, verbally, in writing, or by other means, the real process of thought'. Writing in *THE LISTENER* in 1933 it was still possible for Herbert Read to take this preposterous statement at its face value and treat Ernst as if he really had access to 'some of the dimensions and characteristics of his submerged being'. The surrealists believed that they could liberate the unconscious mind by means of spontaneity, incongruity, and chance. Ernst, for example, in 1925 invented *frottage*, a process of rubbing which transferred first to drawings and later to paintings rubbings from wood, leaves, bricks, tangles of thread, and other objects. The purpose of these marks and textures was to stimulate the unconscious mind which would then reveal itself in the artist's interpretations of the chance traces.

Ernst attributes the appeal *frottage* has for him to 'a memory of childhood' of the fake mahogany foot-board of his bed and a fantasy of a man painting on the board: 'I realise that this strange painter is my father'. But such a conclusion does not prove that Ernst's unconscious is working, only that he has read Freud. There is no evidence to show that the surrealists actually depicted 'the real process of thought'. What is clear is that they had all absorbed, at least, psycho-analytical slogans about sex, dreams, and repression. Their art was applied Freud and not the unconscious revealed. Ernst creates an iconography, a system of menacing figures, 'ferocious or viscous animals', and strange places, derived from nineteenth-century romantic-

ism, but given the ambiguity of the double image by *The Interpretation of Dreams*.

The birds in 'Le Chaste Joseph', placed between the vertical imprints of planks, are developed from a drawing of 1926 in which a group of birds was suggested by a rubbing of what looks like a fan. Ernst traces his 'dangerous confusion between birds and humans' back to the coincidence of two events in his childhood—the simultaneous death of a pet cockatoo and the birth of a sister. If true, does it matter? The ambiguity of birds and human figures is clearly expressed and is strange enough in the picture without our knowing what happened on January 5, 1906, the date of the fateful conflation given by the artist in his book *Beyond Painting*.

The surrealists claimed that the liberation of the unconscious made the possession of talent unnecessary. However, inspiration's passive tools, after the passage of a few years, can be told apart precisely by degrees of talent. Ernst now looks as good as he does, not because he possessed a madder unconscious, but because of his talent; he is, if he will pardon the expression, a good painter. That Ernst himself has a sense of this nowadays, whether he would acknowledge it or not, is suggested by his later work which is delicate and sweet in colour. He is not, of course, content with the precious wine-list of traditional connoisseurship, but his feeling for paint as a real substance is developed to a high pitch of sensuousness. With his paint he can create forms of a dusty delicacy ('La Fleur du Désert'), of a flat monumentality ('Le Chaste Joseph'), of a tangled profusion ('Soleil Buveur et Serpents'), of gritty tactility ('Les Oiseaux dans une Cage'). Out of his materials, so resourcefully handled, he coaxes



'Le Chaste Joseph' (1928), by Max Ernst: from the exhibition at the Matthiesen Gallery

his romantic images of personages, forests, birds. The origin of these paintings, in the chance marks of *frottage* (or *décalcomania* in which liquid paint is pressed to make it run), is important, not because of its unconscious potential but because of its definition of the paint and the picture surface as physical facts.

Space in a *collage* or in a painting influenced by *collages*, such as 'Pietà ou la Révolution la Nuit', is basically illusionist, though fragmented by the clash of incongruous objects; the objects themselves are as solid as in the Victorian engravings which were Ernst's source of *collage* material. But the forms of the 'Chimères' are inseparable from their scuffed paint surfaces, and are real only on that surface. The claustrophobic forests, as in 'Forêt et Soleil', are tarry slabs of paint imprinted with signs like rocks with fossils. It is this identity of image and paint, form and matter, that is Ernst's particular achievement. He anticipates aspects of the post-war painting called *art autre*, particularly the *hautes pâtes* of Jean Dubuffet, and the new aesthetic is his new justification.

Among recent books are: *Edvard Munch: Graphic Art and Paintings* (Allen and Unwin, 75s.); *The Selective Eye 1956-1957* (Zwemmer, 45s.).

The Listener's Book Chronicle

The Letters of Virginia Woolf and Lytton Strachey. Hogarth Press. 18s.
Old Friends. By Clive Bell.

Chatto and Windus. 21s.

IT MIGHT WELL have been supposed that the letters exchanged between Virginia Woolf and Lytton Strachey would have been of the highest literary value. The writers were so close in their tastes and sympathies, their backgrounds and associations, and yet so very unlike in their gifts and temperaments, that they seemed ideally matched as correspondents. But it turns out that they were not so. This published collection of their letters is a disappointing one. It is interesting, assuredly, but it does not rise far above the level of pleasing trivia.

The disappointment may be due in part to the fact that the correspondence has been cut, libellous passages removed, and fictitious names or initials substituted for real ones. A lot must have gone, for gossip played a large part in Bloomsbury life, and was doubtless a substantial element in these letters as they were originally written. Abridgement, however, is not the only explanation. The editors—Mr. Leonard Woolf and Mr. James Strachey—themselves affirm that 'neither side of the correspondence is completely typical of its author'; they speak of the letters' 'stiltedness' and 'self-consciousness'; and they attribute this to the fact that each of the correspondents was 'wary' of the other.

The reader cannot doubt that this was so. Mrs. Woolf, it is clear, felt confidently superior to everyone but Lytton Strachey, and Lytton Strachey felt confidently superior to everyone but her. Both of them, probably, were afraid that they had met more than their match in the other; and each was for that reason at heart uneasy, inhibited, and guarded. However well they overcame such feelings in their conversations, they did not do so in their letters.

Even so, there are many entertaining passages. For example there is a record of Strachey proposing to Virginia Stephen—as she then was—in 1909, being accepted, but afterwards contriving 'a fairly honourable retreat'. Then there is Mrs. Woolf damning Henry James: 'I can't find anything but faintly tinged rose-water, urbane and sleek'; and also—surprisingly—calling Cambridge 'a detestable place'. The reader smiles again to find Strachey denigrating Desmond MacCarthy: 'The thing is to keep him off literature and insist on his doing Music Hall turns'. The correspondents' respective ideas of bliss afford a striking contrast. Mrs. Woolf writes in September, 1914: 'Heaven knows what one does like; though on the whole what I like is first going a walk; then having tea; then sitting and imagining all the pleasant things that might happen to me'. Strachey wrote: 'If I could have my way, I should go out to dinner every night, and then to a party or an opera, and then I should have a Champagne supper, and then I should go to bed in some wonderful person's arms'. How revealing their fantasies are: hers shot through with domesticity and resignation—imagining nothing better than the pleasures of imagining; his just ever so slightly vulgar, like his books.

In her very last letter to Strachey, Mrs. Woolf speaks enviously of the gay life that is led by their friend, Clive Bell, who was just then going on from one party to another. And indeed, Mr. Bell's own book of reminiscences, *Old Friends*, is full of the social spirit. If the style is sometimes aldermanic, the stuff of it is vigorous and splendidly readable. His accounts of Paris in 1904 and again in the nineteen-twenties and of

Bloomsbury itself are perhaps the most valuable chapters, but much of the book is taken up, as the title suggests, with sketches of the author's old friends. The kindest portraits prove here to be the most effective. Roger Fry and T. S. Eliot are recalled with manifest and unqualified respect; Virginia Woolf and Lytton Strachey with genuine if critical affection. Of Strachey Mr. Bell says that any biographer who fails to take account of his subject's sex-life will 'make himself ridiculous', but Mr. Bell leaves that ticklish matter to another pen. The chapters on Sickert and Maynard Keynes and the short account of Arnold Bennett are the least successful. Mr. Bell appears to have disliked these men, and he mounts the usher's stool to reprimand them. He complains that Sickert was a bogus scholar, Bennett a vulgarian, and Keynes provincial. These strictures would have been more telling if Mr. Bell's own use of language were not; as it is, so often inaccurate. But on the whole this is a charming, lively book.

Butterflies and Moths. Introduction by A. Werner. Andre Deutsch. 63s.

THE thirty-six large plates illustrating some 150 different kinds of butterflies and moths that make up this book must be among the finest examples of colour photography and colour printing that have ever been produced. The book is frankly a picture book, and the insects shown have been chosen for their striking patterns and brilliant colours; they have lost nothing of their wonderful beauty in the making of the colour plates. Most of the examples shown come from the tropics, especially those of South America and the East Indies, but representatives from most parts of the world are included—even some of the common British species. There are also some much sought-after rarities, such as several *Agrias* species from South America, and *Parnassius autocrat*, a beautiful mountain butterfly from the Pamirs, very few specimens of which have ever been seen by entomologists.

In six introductory chapters Mr. A. Werner tells something of the structure and biology of the *Lepidoptera*, touching on such subjects as polymorphism, mimicry, concealing and revealing colours, and migration. Several pages are devoted to the colours of butterflies, and the different ways in which they are produced—by pigments in the minute scales covering the wings, or by interference and reflection from the microscopic surface-structure of the scales themselves, or by combinations of both. A final chapter says something about the *Lepidoptera* in poetry, art, and legend.

It is a pity that some of the most brilliant and beautiful blue *Morpho* butterflies of South America have become scarce owing to a ruthless exploitation by man. Only a few decades ago 'these *Morphos* existed in such multitudes . . . that the step of an intruder would stir up swarms resembling floating flowers. . . . The brilliantly coloured wings, or fragments of them, were mounted under glass to make brooches, pendants, and trays. In fact, the danger of complete extinction was so serious that some South American governments passed laws prohibiting the capture and export of these species'.

Each plate of this magnificent book is preceded by a page of notes giving the distribution of each species shown, with other information on habitats and general natural history. There are indexes of scientific and common names, and the back end-papers form a map showing the homes of various families, genera, and species.

The publishers are to be congratulated on bringing out a volume of such astonishing beauty, which a wide public beyond the naturalists and entomologists will wish to possess.

The New Dimensions of Peace

By Chester Bowles.

Bodley Head. 25s.

MR. Chester Bowles was United States Ambassador to India from 1951 to 1953 and has since then visited both Asia and Africa where he was received by many important people in a manner due to his position and country. He was all the more welcome since in India and in this book he has shown that he is an inveterate foe of 'colonialism' which he ranks with communism as something the United States must combat. Communism can be best resisted, he thinks, by lavish economic assistance to all that part of the world which is now neutral in the struggle between the Free World and the Soviet Union. Much has already been done by the United States in this respect, but Mr. Bowles considers that these efforts have often been misdirected to bolstering up colonial regimes like Indo-China rather than to helping independent democracies like India. Thus the way has been made easier for the Soviet Union to lead the world against 'colonialism' rather than the United States whose history should cause her to assume that position.

Of the sincerity, democratic faith, and international outlook of the author there can be no doubt. His great hero is Gandhi, and at times he implies that all the world can be transformed into a peaceful condition by the use of Gandhi's methods. His book was written for the instruction of his compatriots and he criticises United States policy as well as that of the colonial powers. Nor will most students of international affairs disagree with his main theme, that a major problem of our time is to arrange the orderly transfer of power to new self-governing communities in Asia and Africa, and to assist those already independent, as well as those becoming so, to create viable states and raise the standard of living of their peoples.

But the crudity of some of his statements and his sweeping generalisations about complicated problems are somewhat disconcerting. One learns little from this book of the real nature of those that confront Britain, as she tries in her own way and with limited means to carry out the policy which Mr. Bowles advocates. He ignores, or nearly so, the fact that plural communities in which peace and order reigned while Britain governed them tended to split asunder as soon as British control was removed. The Indian sub-continent is a prime example and Mr. Bowles seems to have no comprehension of the years of patient effort that Britain devoted to allow it to obtain unity as well as independence. He does not seem to realise that similar problems exist in almost all the communities subject to 'colonialism' and that the application of the simple formulas and timetables which he puts forward as a universal panacea, might result in such fragmentation and economic disruption as to give to communism the very opportunities of which he seeks to deprive it.

For his main object is to prevent the spread of communism, and, in spite of his principles, he finds some encouragement in power politics and discusses with some relish the incipient rivalry of India and China for the leadership of the Asiatic world. Curiously enough, he does

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JOHN CALDER

not discuss the question whether the United States should not now recognise the Communist Government of China and thus enable her to become less susceptible to Russian influence. But if we learn little new about 'colonialism' in this book, it is very revealing on the nature of United States policy. In expressing the view that because of their own revolution the United States must advocate the abolition as quickly as possible of all 'colonialism', Mr. Bowles represents a large majority of those of his fellow citizens who are at all interested in matters outside their own country.

The Golden Ring: The Anglo-Florentines, 1847-1862. By Giuliana Artom-Treves. Longmans. 21s.

On June 29, 1861, exhausted by illness and motion over Cavour's death, Elizabeth Barrett Browning died, smiling, in her husband's arms, murmuring the word 'Beautiful'. For two days, while friends came to look their last and beg locks of hair, she lay in Casa Guidi. On the third, she was buried in the foreign cemetery outside the city walls, and all English-speaking Florence gathered in homage.

It was the last gathering of one of the most fascinating circles the nineteenth century produced. By a freak of exchange, it became possible in the eighteen-forties and 'fifties for an Englishman with £200 or £300 a year to treble the value of his income, and live like a grandee, merely by migrating to the small Hapsburg grand duchy of Tuscany. There, he could rent a floor of a palace or a villa on Fiesole; keep carriage, servants, and a box at the opera and cast his spirit daily on the greatest art of the Renaissance. Residence in Florence became one of England's most fashionable forms of indirect investment. In 1825, Leigh Hunt counted 400 English families there. By mid-century, Anglo-Florence was easily the most distinguished of those leisured *rentier* communities—Cheltenham, Eastbourne, Leamington, Harrogate—which Victorian prosperity built.

Its roll-call, at its peak, made a stud-book of Victorian intellectual pedigrees. There was, and, last bellowing Triton of the Romantic ood, with his contentious family; G. P. R. James, the romantic novelist, and lively Charles Lever, the Irish Boz; Frances Trollope, the liver-forked impaler of American domestic abits, with her elder son Thomas Adolphus; and Frederick, eldest and most wildly spectacular of the Tennysons. There was Henry Austen, future discoverer of Nineveh; Robert Lytton, the brilliant son of Bulwer's and Rosina's marriage; and Caroline Norton's son Rensley, named for his great-grandfather Heriand. At the centre stood the Brownings, the legendary lovers whose presence made their semblance indeed an achievement, a prodigy rawing to Florence tourists with names as prodigious: Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot, Emerson, Hawthorne, Harriet Beecher Stowe. With Elizabeth Browning's death, the circle was integrated. Shyly and intangibly, she had woven it, with her fame and fervour, the sense of quality; it seemed to lose with her, as it were, its definition. The Italians sensed the end of a chapter and raised a plaque declaring that she had forged, with her poems, 'a golden ring between Italy and England'. Signora Artom-Treves, borrowing the phrase for a title, has written an entertaining, well-documented study of that other Anglo-Italian circle of her forging. It could scarcely fail to make glittering reading. The Anglo-Florentines' lives were as eccentric and colourful as their heredities were innocent; Frederick Tennyson hired a full orchestra to play to him one solitary evening, and her friend Seymour Kirkup claimed to

converse with Dante's ghost. But golden? Signora Artom-Treves cannot entirely conceal that the dusty shelf of letters and memoirs from which she draws her material might be the annals—dances, picnics, scandals, crazes for table-rappings—of any Kipling hill-station. The most fascinating thing about the colony was its failure to become more than a prodigy, and its realisation of its failure.

The Human Prospect.

From the Ground Up.

Both by Lewis Mumford.

Secker and Warburg.

21s. and 10s. 6d. respectively.

Patrick Geddes was a prophet who had no honour in his own country, save the sop of a knighthood. But in Lewis Mumford he found a faithful disciple who has developed his philosophy in a series of important and successful books which have made that philosophy one of the most vital and influential currents of thought in the United States. Mr. Mumford is a professor and a planning consultant; but perhaps his main impact on the American public has been through the regular series of articles, under the rubric 'The Sky Line', which for more than twenty years he has contributed to *The New Yorker*. From the Ground Up is a selection of these vigorous criticisms of contemporary building, highway planning, and civic design, mostly confined to the clotted confusion of New York but based on principles that are universal. *The Human Prospect* is a selection from the whole range of his writings edited by Harry T. Moore and Karl W. Deutsch.

Mumford is not a writer with a personal style, and he rarely indulges in a witticism. One might say that he is essentially common-sensical, but in a mad world this is an inspired virtue. He is against the mechanists and the marxists, against big business and the busy bigness of the giant city. Like his master Geddes, he is 'primarily the philosopher of life in its fullness and unity: his doctrine rests on the perpetual capacity of life to renew itself and transcend itself, a capacity first interpreted in the sequence of evolutionary forms, and now in the extra-organic transformations brought about by man in his personality and culture'. Though primarily a social critic, he is also a scholarly historian and a perceptive literary critic (as his essay on *Moby Dick* in *The Human Prospect* shows). But finally, like Ruskin and Tolstoy, he is a moralist, and his moralism leads him to his only weakness—an appeal to sentiment. 'In the name of sanity let our government now pause and seek the counsel of sane men. . . . Let us all, as responsible citizens, not the cowed subjects of an all-wise state, weigh the alternatives and canvass new lines of approach to the problems of power and peace. . . . Let us deal with our own massive sins and errors. . . . let us, first of all, have the courage to speak up on behalf of humanity, on behalf of civilisation, on behalf of life itself. . . .—sentiment, as usual, falling listlessly into the handiest clichés.

This particular essay was written under the immediate impact of the atom bomb, but there are a few others which convey a similar feeling of imprecision. Mr. Mumford is at his best when most concrete—criticising particular buildings like the United Nations Secretariat or Lever House; exploring particular problems such as prefabrication or the skyscraper. From the Ground Up ends with a series of four articles entitled 'The Traffic's Roaring Boom' which created a sensation when they appeared in *The New Yorker*. They describe the creeping paralysis that is overtaking this vast city—a New York inhabited by a shifting, overcrowded, demoralised population, and a superhighway

system jammed with people fleeing not from disaster but from the very city that is supposed to offer all the benefits that make life desirable'. The remedy, of course, is decentralisation, and this remedy is presented, not only as a practical solution, but also as an expression of the organic way of life. Our problems in England may not be so urgent, but we do urgently need the kind of guidance that Lewis Mumford offers us in these two timely volumes.

A Guide to English Literature. Volume 3:

From Donne to Marvell. Edited by

Boris Ford. Pelican Books. 3s. 6d.

This is the third volume of a series (to be completed in seven volumes) designed to 'cover' the whole of English literature from Chaucer to the present time. It contains essays by various contributors both on the general background (historical, political, and cultural) of the period and on the particular writers who fall within it. At the end of the book there are an admirable biographical index and bibliography. The historical survey by Miss Marjorie Cox is very useful. Of the essays on the writers themselves, that by Mr. D. J. Enright on George Herbert is creative evaluation of the best possible kind, combining knowledge with enthusiasm in a way which is individual and fresh without ever being cranky. Mr. Maurice Hussey on Bunyan also writes with insight and vigour, and passes the test of making us want to re-read *Pilgrim's Progress*: it is a pity he did not have more space to deal with Bunyan's prose (there is an essay on the prose of Donne and Browne, and Bunyan is a more important writer than the latter of those).

The other essays are adequate though some are rather dull in a painstaking, up-to-date kind of way, as if their authors took a pride in missing or refusing even the most disciplined surrender to the challenge of their great subjects. Guide-books need not be readable literature in their own right (though it is obviously desirable that they should be) provided they stimulate interest in the works of art for which they mediate. The present book is not always very stimulating. Moreover, the arrangement of the series means that the Jacobean dramatists have gone into a different volume from Donne, while Ben Jonson is split in two, the poet here and the dramatist elsewhere. Milton should have had more space here and should have replaced Marvell in the title. Such distortions of fact and tradition are regrettable; but they do not invalidate the usefulness of this cheap and convenient series.

English People in the Eighteenth Century

By Dorothy Marshall. Longmans. 30s.

This book, by the Senior Lecturer in Social and Economic History in Cardiff University, covers much the same ground as the third volume of G. M. Trevelyan's *Social History of England*, but in considerably more detail, being on the scale of 1,000 words to the year as compared with Professor Trevelyan's 500. Attractively produced and illustrated, it is designed for and should appeal to both the ordinary reader with an interest in the way of life of his forebears, and undergraduates and sixth-formers who are studying some aspect of eighteenth-century history. Miss Marshall has ranged widely and not confined herself to the beaten track in gathering material; the only criticism that can be made—a very minor one—is that owing to careless proof reading too many proper names are misspelt: e.g., Squire Western appears as 'Squire Weston', while John Dawson, the surgeon-mathematician of Sedburgh, figures as 'Dawson', his master, Bracker, as 'Bracken', and even his native town, in the index, as 'Sedburgh'.

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting DOCUMENTARY

Information, Please

TELEVISION SHOULD BE more explicitly concerned with information than with opinion. That, I suggest, is the lesson which B.B.C. television in particular should learn from recent international happenings. Of the nuisance of opinion without information we have had too many demonstrations these last few weeks, some hurtful to the democratic concept, many more

invested his labours. We looked on the faces of Germans, Frenchmen, Indians, Iraqis, among others, some of them anonymous individuals of their countries, some holding public office, some professionally engaged in the traffic of opinion. The total effect was of an arraignment in which we, unmistakably, were the accused. That was what all the resonance was about, why 'Panorama' had come on in an atmosphere of pompous affirmation. While it might be instructive to know the editorial process by which the final result was reached, what is more to the point is that another team of interviewers might have gone forth and collected a wholly dissimilar lot of opinions. To that extent the criticisms were by no means nullified by the device of giving Woodrow Wyatt a referee's job. In any event, uninformed opinion contributes increasingly to the sum of human jabber, which has become so pervasive during the last month as to suggest that we have been excommunicated from the noble order of the universe.

Out of the hubbub 'Panorama' enabled us to draw a little sustenance for the national self-esteem. No matter how far east or west they went along the lines of latitude, the cameras and the microphones brought back evidence of the ever-widening spread of our English tongue, a form of expansionism which may yet prove to be more profitable than any others we have tried. Meanwhile, there is the thought that television, with its extraordinary flexibility and its power to connect us with the sources of information, should apply itself more exclusively to that task. It might be a greater service to human freedom than deliberately encouraging the practice of exhibitionist free speech.

Honesty of opinion was not the least attractive part of Lieut.-General Sir Brian Horrocks' programme on Dunkirk, the first in a new 'Men in Battle' series. We were willingly intimidated by his authority, his knowledge, and his engaging way of addressing us as if we had his confidential ear. He was at Dunkirk in command, first of a battalion, then of a brigade, and his account of his emotions and decisions at that time brought it all vividly back to mind, so that we could see ourselves as participants in a great event of history. Newsreels from German sources as well as our own illustrated a fascinating narrative. Sir Brian is a born storyteller with a rare television presence. 'The medium' offers him fame. Let us hope (and believe) that he will be as sturdily resistant to its sillier bedazzlements as Sir Mortimer Wheeler. Incidentally, he has established a precedent in being one of the few men who can wear a light suit on television.

Personality was the dominant note, too, of the 'At Home' programme in which we saw the venerable actor, A. E. Matthews, at his cottage in Hertfordshire. Probably for him we viewers were 'outsiders' in all but a literary sense: he referred to the intruding camera as 'that thing'. Longevity in the theatre is an oddity of human biology, seeing that the stage life usually flouts the accepted rules of sensible living. Still more mysterious is the aura of lofty breeding affected by certain actors and actresses of the old school, in some instances the best performances of their careers. 'Matty', as our host for this occasion authorised Hywel Davies, the visiting commentator, to call him, talked about his clothes, his clubs, his hunting, his films, his cottage, his wife, with the breezy worldliness which has made

him virtually a stock character in his own right. The final effect was of life and movement given to a page torn from a society magazine.

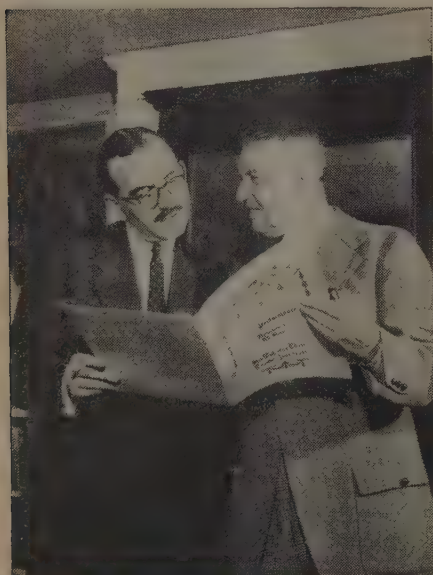
Race prejudice was put squarely before us as a preponderant issue of our time in a discussion programme from Scotland last Sunday evening. Glasgow church leaders and university students, among them an Indian and an African, examined the problem in the light of local experience. Their combined resources of sincerity and temperate feeling produced a programme of more than passing interest. Almost the talk was too comfortable, suggesting that the problem facing the human family is solely in the white versus black equation. Unhappily, it permits no such simplification. The head of a technical training centre was recently reported to be worried almost beyond endurance by the violent stresses between his students of several different coloured races. Evidently the human heart must discover more intimate tolerances before it can celebrate the brotherhood of man.

REGINALD POUND

DRAMA

Was This Her Problem?

ON SUNDAY NIGHT Miss Edana Romney made one of her comparatively rare appearances as an actress. Actress of course she is and no bad one either. Some time back she put a patch over one handsome eye and played the Princess Eboli or 'That lady' as she is distinctively called. Now she elected (or was chosen, perhaps) to follow Bette Davis in the play, or play from a film, 'Dark Victory'. It was, however, in



'At Home' on November 14: A. E. Matthews showing Hywel Davies the programme of the Royal Command Performance at His Majesty's Theatre, June 27, 1911

reminding us that an expensive education is no guarantee of *esprit de suite* in debate. Last week, the Corporation was under fire in and out of parliament for alleged partiality in its presentation of both news and views; and the passing comment may be made that, considering the extraordinary variety of human beings which constitutes the B.B.C. populace at Broadcasting House and Television Centre, the wonder is that complaints are so few.

A particular target for criticism was 'Panorama', which scrapped its usual magazine formula for a survey of opinion on the Suez matter by individuals of several nations, collected by B.B.C. travelling representatives and newspaper correspondents. We were given the impression that the producer felt himself to be in command of a great opportunity. There was a sonority of approach suggesting that we were to participate in an exceptional television experience. Behind it, there was no doubt tireless organising energy. In front of it, at times almost hiding it from our view, was Richard Dimbleby, conducting himself like one of Holbein's 'Ambassadors'. Necessarily, most of the programme was on film. That did not diminish the sense of solemn urgency with which the producer had



As seen by the viewer: the Hoffnung Music Festival Concert, 1956, on November 13—above, a cannon fired during Malcolm Arnold's Overture; below vacuum-cleaner instrumentalists



Photographs: John Co



'Dark Victory' on November 18, with (left to right) Allan Jeayes as Dr. Parsons, Edana Romney as Judith Traherne, and Stephen Murray as David Steele

possible not so much to forget Miss Davis—who would be, I reckon, a frightening predecessor in any role—as to forget the Miss Romney of 'Is This Your Problem?' All those weeks we have watched Miss Romney, handsome and earnest, watching in her turn over the anonymous victims of life's carelessness sitting in that wing-back arm-chair and telling us all about bankruptcy, bed wetting, heart-ache, and jealousy. This time it has Miss Romney herself in the chair—by what was possibly a conscious stroke of irony on the camera man's part we actually saw her at one moment from exactly the same angle as one of her own 'patients'. It was strange and yet not exactly true: for this story has many a false note in it.

It concerns, you may recall and if you saw Bette Davis, (you won't have forgotten), a handsome, spoilt, rich, horsey girl who has everything to live for but, like the Lady of the Camellias, has to die—if possible bravely. A rough but talented brain-specialist diagnoses a tumour on the brain. (This scene, where the victim unwittingly discloses the fact that she is losing the sense of touch, is highly effective theatre.) There is a 'successful' operation. She falls in love with her surgeon and recently makes the unpleasant discovery that the 'prognosis is negative'—i.e., that she will recently go blind and shortly die. Shall she marry the surgeon? But there are complications: he selfish way of life, the friends, a handsome tableman. However she finally joins her man in retirement and is just about to be happy when (dull chord from the hidden orchestra) the blow falls.

As I remember the scene in the film, Bette Davis with a friend of about her own age was planting bulbs in the garden when she suddenly said she thought a storm was coming up. We—and her friend—immediately guessed that this was the first hint of the mortal blindness coming down on her. The friend pretended not to notice; Miss Davis magnificently kept on planting—by feel. Then her husband, just at that moment, was called away to receive some award at a congress, and Miss Davis kept up the act of not being blind and not letting him know (otherwise he'd miss his honour), blundering about, as he packed for him, finally going upstairs re-

signedly to die. It made you weep till you could weep no more.

In Sunday's play there were many differences from this memorable film. For one thing, the whole story had been transferred from America to England and Scotland. Nothing to quarrel with in that, except that little remnants of Americana had got left behind. Our heroine's friends (like her, 'spoilt Mayfair socialites') chattered at one point of 'the social register'. I am myself outside the august world depicted but I believe I am right in saying that that register is an American rather than a British institution. Similarly, I do know that when Americans refer to 'Camille' what they mean is what we in England call 'The Lady of the Camellias' and our heroine

for full measure a romp through 'The King and I' on Sunday after the play. Plenty for all tastes, but I wish Miss Romney had made me cry. I feel baulked.

PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

First and Last

'BADGER'S GREEN' is still my favourite cricket play; but 'The Final Test' (Light) must bat first wicket down. Terence Rattigan is that trying fellow, a dramatist who goes on scoring with a wide range of strokes while more pretentious theorists are caught in the slips after scratching a single or so. I regret the extended metaphor; but you cannot listen to Rattigan's cricket play without thinking in the vein. It is a simple enough story, the anecdote of a famous England batsman's last match, his aspiring son's desertion of the Oval for an appointment with a fashionable poet and dramatist, and our discovery that the poet (author of such plays as 'Follow the Turtle to My Father's Tomb') is himself an admirer of the great Sam Palmer: he has much, but not too much, to say of the value of the 'non-creative artist'.

The play comes through because Rattigan sticks to the point, never over-writes, and keeps his people recognisable. True, I am not sure that the young poet today would be writing such lines as 'Phoebus has fled and ebon night has locked the shutters of the heart'. But he is fully in the mood of the angry young man when—on the very morning of the maybe historic last Test innings—he makes the child describe cricket as 'banging a bit of red leather about the field with a piece of wood'. At that moment the child asks to have his neck wrung. Still, cricket wins as it was bound to win, even though Sam Palmer is



William Devlin as the Rev. John Rainrider and Gladys Young as Miss Phryne in 'Poison Pen' on November 13

would not recall visiting a play of that name in London. These are small points, you will say. Alas, it is just the accumulation of small falsities which can mar a basically rather over-contrived story. It was the occasional moments of Miss Romney's own playing of the part when she failed to carry conviction, when we caught ourselves feeling that she was not spontaneously 'being' the heroine but going through a lengthily learned routine of expressions and gestures, which in the long run kept the eye from running over.

At first, it went well. Stephen Murray was admirable as the young (now Scottish) brain specialist. The smart friends were fun: Annabel Maule and, as a preposterous lady novelist, Naomi Chance. Shay Gorman was the broth of a boy-o as the stableman. Ellen Blueth as Elsie sounded more like Elsa but did nicely, and of course Jean Cadell was perfect as the faithful housekeeper at the end. But that end sadly misfired. Indoors, the assertion that the sky was darkening failed somehow to make sense. We did not twig what was up, and where Bette Davis had hardly seemed to act at all, Miss Romney fairly flung about.

Earlier events included the ever-wonderful Gladys Young as the poor spinster in the ever-excellent 'Poison Pen'; a jog trot through the Novello country from 'Keep the home fires burning' to 'I'll gather lilacs' (so pretty), and



Vanessa Lee as herself and Laurence Payne as Ivor Novello in an excerpt from 'King's Rhapsody' in the programme 'Ivor Novello' on November 15

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Visiting Venice, Olympia, Aefina, Hydra, Knossos, Phaestos, Gortyna, Rhodes, Lindos, Cos, Kalimnos, Pamos, Ikaria, Delos, Paros, Syros, Athens, Epidauros, Tiryns, Mycenae, Corinth (or Optional extra day in Athens), Delphi, Lepanto, Venice.

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b.w. to his fourth or fifth ball without boring—and is cheered all the way back to the Oval pavilion: an effect oddly moving on radio. Rattigan lets us hear it through a Light Programme commentary. It must have been some satisfaction to Sam Palmer—who becomes very real to us—that the commentator had the comforting voice of John Arlott, one that always reminds me of a walk through the New Forest on a fine day.

Royston Morley had a good all-round cast for the match. Patrick Barr held our sympathy for the gentle Sam ('The trouble with making a name a profession is that you're at the top too long'); the Stag and Hounds would be sorry to lose the brisk services of Brenda Bruce; George Benson's voice fizzed peevishly or eagerly as the poet whom the boy (Ray Jackson) fought practically the greatest since Shakespeare. On the evidence of 'Follow the Turtle' we have to disagree, but the man had some other useful ideas: he compared cricket to Nekhlov. (If he had gone on, he might have compared ludo to Brecht.) A pleasant play, then; and, by the way, anyone who still quotes, after more than half a century, that reference to flannelled fools, might look up the same writer's lesser-known 'Verses on Games' ('Give me a willow wand...').

Back now across more than 1,000 years to that John Barton, the introducer, called 'the first faint bubblings of the fountain-head of English drama'. This, 'The First Stage' (third), was the earliest programme in the series that is to take us during a year across the six centuries of drama that preceded the Elizabethans: a series that, remarkably, will end at 'The Spanish Tragedy'. It is likely to be a satisfying experience. On Sunday it began well with the slow glimmer in the mists and the emergence of the drama from Church ritual, the intercalated trope of 'Quem Queritis?', and the other liturgical scraps. We had, too, the earliest 'stage directions' written by Bishop Ethelwold. It was a quiet, impressive opening to a series, produced by Raymond Raikes, from which we expect much.

One does not often get so intense a vision as the little play 'Love's Folly' (Home) by Catherine Duncan and Marion Michelle. Marie Ley, in sustained high tension, trembling on the lip of hysteria, as a woman living in the past, gave the kind of performance that still affects the memory long after the play is done. It is a queerly frightening idea; here, in our own day, we find a 'new woman' of the nineteen-twenties, victim of frustrated love, still rooted in her period, fixed in illusion. Miss Ley, Peggy Thorpe-Bates (as her sister), and Avid Peel (as the son of the man she had loved) gave uncommon power to the little piece—only twenty-five minutes in length—which Avid H. Godfrey produced.

After this it was a sharp side-slip to the amours of Ian Hay's 'Mr. Faint-Heart' (light), once an amiable comedy, now thin and dated. It is the story of the two cruising passengers grateful to find the truth about each other. Peter Copley, Mary Watson, and Derek Hart acted delightfully in Charles Lefeaux's production, but the author had not much to do with it. The comedy filled its hour but it could hardly pass a final test.

J. C. TREWIN

THE SPOKEN WORD

Our Unknown Neighbour

LOOKING THROUGH the forthcoming Spoken Word material for last week I was arrested by No. 1 in a series of five programmes on 'France: Our Unknown Neighbour'. Its title is 'The French Way of Life'. As a lover

of France, the suggestion that France and the French way of life were unknown to me roused me to indignant refutation. I know more, much more, of my French neighbours than I did of my English neighbours on my right and left when I lived in London. But that, I soon realised, was a quibble. How much, after all, I began to ask myself, do I know of France? And the answer is that I know it merely as a tourist who has paid many short visits to the country and I have probably learned more of the French people through their literature than from personal contact with them.

The speaker was Professor David Glass, and he started with the assertion which at first surprised me, that the French nation differs from ours more than any other nation of western Europe, but as he proceeded to enumerate the differences in the social life of our two countries, some of which I knew already, it was clear that they were many and fundamental. After giving an array of facts and opinions on French agriculture, industry, education, class distinctions, and population he called upon a French woman, Madame Denise Tomas, who teaches English at the Trade Union Centre in Paris, to answer him back, which she did with much vigour. Here and there they agreed to disagree but to a large extent they saw eye to eye, and their combined views gave us an admirably clear picture of life in France today.

Clearness and simplicity in talking on complicated matters and a leisurely and agreeable delivery are the qualities which always make Sir Edward Appleton's scientific talks good to listen to. He has chosen 'Science and the Nation' for the theme of this year's Reith Lectures. Dr. Samuel Johnson did not hold with lectures. 'People have nowadays', said he, 'got a strange opinion that everything should be taught by lectures. Now I cannot see that lectures can do so much good as reading the books from which the lectures are taken. I know nothing that can be best taught by lectures, except where experiments are to be shown. You may teach chymistry by lectures:—you might teach making of shoes by lectures'. What Johnson leaves out of account is the personality of the lecturer. We shall be able to read Sir Edward Appleton week by week in THE LISTENER, but we shall get a good deal more out of listening to him.

A dry, strictly matter-of-fact pair of talks on 'Crime and Punishment in the Middle Ages', by Professor T. F. T. Plucknett, traced in the first talk the development of the concept of crime and in the second of punishment in the Middle Ages beginning with the laws of Ethelbert, our oldest set of written laws, in which each crime has its equivalent in money set out in the form of a tariff. Similarly in the books called *Penitentials* the Church ordained a precisely stated penalty for each crime. About A.D. 1,000, a more humane element creeps into both ecclesiastical and civil law and confessors and judges are warned not to follow the strict letter but to consider circumstances—riches and poverty, youth and age, intention or absence of intention, and so on. Like so many legal broad-casts these were extremely interesting.

In 'Outburst in Europe' in the Third Programme, Lord Strang (formerly Permanent Under-Secretary of State at the Foreign Office), Hugh Seton-Watson (Professor of Russian History at London University), and George Mikes who has recently revisited Hungary, discussed the significance of the events in Hungary and Poland, and their implications. After the harrowing reports and eye-witness accounts which is all that most of us have heard of Hungary recently, it was a relief to listen to a sober discussion of the situation by three people who could speak with some authority, the more so that their conclusions on the possible outcome were far from being pessimistic.

It has been brought to my notice that in my remarks a fortnight ago on 'Round Britain Quiz' I was guilty of flagrant injustice to the London team by declaring that it was Hubert Phillips who disposed of a complicated question by the prompt reply 'Wagner's "Rheingold"'. The reply actually came from Cedric Cliffe, to whom I humbly apologise. Mr. Phillips will not perhaps expect me to apologise for my injustice to him.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

MUSIC

Symphonic

THE PAST WEEK'S MUSIC has been distinguished by some exceptionally fine performances of nineteenth-century symphonic music. On Monday (November 12) we were able to hear a programme of Brahms played by the Philharmonia Orchestra conducted by Otto Klemperer. On Wednesday Sir Thomas Beecham directed the Royal Philharmonic Society's concert at the Royal Festival Hall in a programme containing Mendelssohn's Overture, 'A Midsummer Night's Dream', Beethoven's Second Symphony, and Liszt's 'Faust' Symphony, the whole being relayed in the Home Service.

Klemperer is, among conductors active today, the exponent of the German classical style. His performances have an unhurried spaciousness and nobility derived from a sense of the proportions of a whole work. He is not to be distracted from the main lines of a movement by side issues and red herrings. He sometimes appears a little staid in comparison with the more exciting interpreters of music. But exciting performers are also apt to get excited and lose the thread of the argument in the pursuit of effects that may be momentarily showy but detract from the grand design. So Klemperer's performances, solid as they are, have a more abiding value than the flashier readings of X and Y.

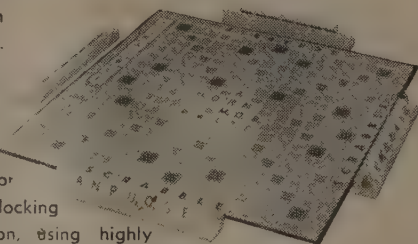
Last week he conducted the 'Tragic Overture', the Concerto in B flat with Gina Bachauer as soloist, and the Symphony in D. The Overture at once discovered the conductor's calibre, for it is one of the most difficult works to bring off. Klemperer's nice sense of gradations in both speed and dynamics revealed the sombre majesty of the music. In the concerto he and Miss Bachauer saw eye to eye on everything, and combined to give one of the most satisfying performances of the great work I have ever heard. Miss Bachauer has the physical strength, rare among women, to cope with the extremely powerful passages in the solo, and the sensibility to phrase it all beautifully. The Philharmonia Orchestra acquitted itself nobly, especially in the solo passages. The horn's opening was beautifully suave, thanks to the conductor's unhurried tempo which gave the player (presumably Mr. Brain) plenty of elbow-room. And the solo violoncellist, whose name also deserves to be recorded, moulded his phrases in the slow movement with the utmost suppleness and would have ousted a lesser pianist from the position of protagonist.

Of the symphony, usually presented as the sunniest of the four, Klemperer took a more tragic view, finding in the score sombre shadows that are certainly there, but are not, as a rule, given quite so much depth. Perhaps this increased the stature of the work, making it seem grander. But there is much to be said for the more genial treatment usually accorded it—by Beecham, for example—and I cannot think that the harsh, almost brutal, reading of the A major episode in the Scherzo (surely Brahms' most graceful symphonic movement) was justified. Or did something go wrong in the orchestra here? The lower strings were not always up to standard. Still, when all reservations have been made, this was a noble performance of great integrity.

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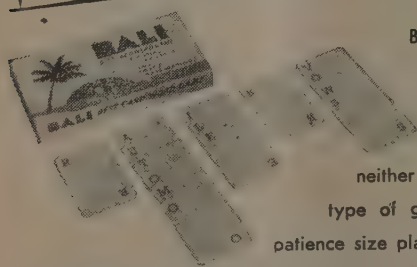
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19/11

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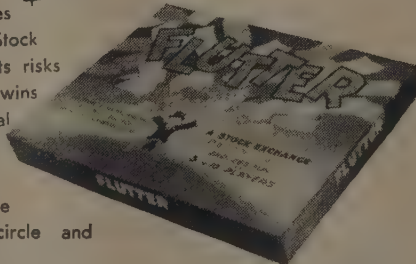
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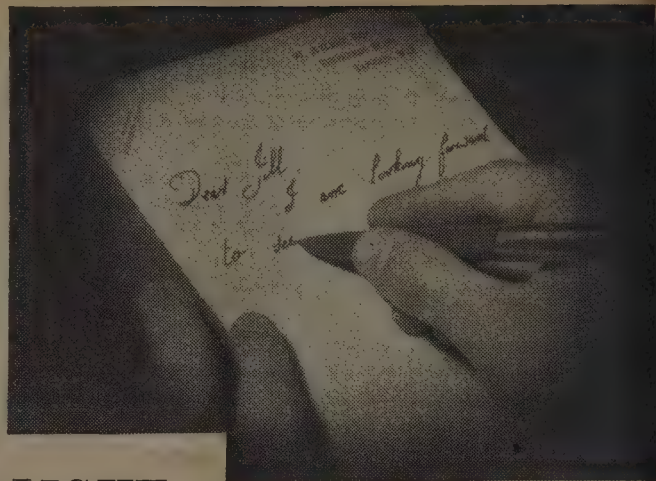


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Mendelssohn's Overture is the kind of music that Beecham handles supremely well, bringing out its elegant poetry, its elfin delicacy, and also its strength. Beethoven's Second Symphony is also very much, as they say, up Beecham's street, music not too grand to be belittled by the exquisite finish he puts upon it. His handling of the orchestra was as accomplished as ever, and with it there was a sagacity of spirit that gave the performance a wonderful radiance.

Liszt's 'Faust' Symphony is not a work one could have included among those that would specially appeal to Sir Thomas, except as the kind of neglected music he likes to take down from the shelf and give a dusting. To judge from the care he lavished on its performance, his interest in it borders on affection. The work has never seemed a good, or even passable, representation

in symphonic music of Goethe's dramatic poem. Like Gounod, Liszt gives, if we accept his premises, too much prominence to the touching episode of the gormless Gretchen. But if we call the work instead a 'Liszt' Symphony, regarding it as a piece of self-revelation, it seems a much more successful affair. Then we may regard the second or 'Gretchen' movement as a musical representation of the 'Eternal Feminine'—that element in life that so bothered the composer and whose choral apotheosis provides the dreadfully banal epilogue. Dislike of the work has arisen, in past performances, from the very sound of it, but here, by some alchemy of his own, Beecham transformed its blatancy into beauty. A rare experience indeed!

At the week's end Sir Malcolm Sargent conducted yet another Symphony in D, minor this

time—Vaughan Williams' latest, of which the score has now been published by the Oxford University Press. With its help and with the aid of familiarity, one can see better how beautifully the opening movement, at first rather elusive, hangs together round its absent, or barely hinted, theme. The Scherzo, excellently played by the B.B.C. wind-players, is a brilliant study for those instruments, and the Lento something more than that for the strings—one of the composer's most expressive movements, which Sargent did extremely well. The finale remains an anticlimax. One can see the idea in this clangorous Toccata, but it fails to 'come off', even as a study in 'phones and 'spiels'—a department of the orchestra in which Carl Orff can give our composer some points.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

Swedish Symphonist

By KATHLEEN DALE

Berwald's Second String Quartet will be broadcast at 4.35 p.m. on Sunday, November 25, and his E flat Symphony at 7.45 p.m. on Wednesday, November 28 (both Third)

WHEN Franz Adolf Berwald died in Stockholm in 1868 at the age of seventy-one he had been a professor of composition at the Stockholm Conservatoire for about a year and an elected member of the Academy of Music since 1864. These were the only distinctions Sweden ever bestowed upon her greatest nineteenth-century symphonist. His whole life was a struggle for recognition, which he did not achieve until his closing years. As a young man he begged in vain for a state grant to enable him to study abroad; in middle life he applied for posts in the musical world and was passed over. He persistently gave concerts of his compositions at his own expense, at what little interest his music awakened in the audiences was counterbalanced by the hostility of music critics.

The misunderstanding Berwald experienced in his lifetime may be ascribed in part to his extremely individual style of musical expression, but also to the unpropitious state of music in Sweden at that period. The great days of the Scandinavian opera were past, the public performance of orchestral and chamber music was to some extent in the hands of amateurs, musical interest was focused upon solo songs and small-scale choral works, especially those for male-voice choir. Swedish audiences may have had ears for Berwald's tone-poems and his slighter dramatic works, but they seem to have been generally unable to appreciate the large-scale symphonic conceptions and intricate texture of this wholly original composer. His genius attracted little notice. His greatest works remained unpublished; those few of his operas which reached the stage were quickly withdrawn; his symphonic masterpieces were unperformed. Only a foreign publisher (Schubert of Leipzig) would venture to bring out three of his piano trios during his lifetime. The splendid string quartets did not see the light of print until the nineteen-forties.

Even after Berwald's death, several decades passed before the Swedish musical public became aware of his greatness. At the beginning of the present century his works began to receive sympathetic hearing and in 1909 a Berwald Foundation was formed to superintend the publishing and performance of the most significant. It functioned until 1947, by which time Berwald's production had become fairly well known at home and abroad. In England during the past few years broadcast performances have been given of his symphonies and chamber

music, and the latest contribution to Berwald literature, a biography of the composer, has just been written by an Englishman, Robert Layton, and published in Stockholm.

Berwald's was a complex personality. In addition to his great gifts as a composer he had a strong scientific bent and was a remarkably good business man. Although unable to support himself and his family as a musician, whether as solo violinist, orchestral player or teacher of piano, singing and composition, he found other ways of earning a living. He was alternatively editor, journalist, inventor, administrator, and factory manager. From childhood he was a violinist. At the age of nine he made a successful debut at court and at sixteen he became a member of the court orchestra, in which he played violin or viola for eleven years, with occasional breaks for concert tours as a soloist in Sweden, Norway, Finland, and Russia. All this time he was studying composition, probably with Du Puy, the French-Swiss conductor of the court orchestra.

The sparse appreciation accorded to performances of his early works decided Berwald to seek a more congenial milieu abroad. He went to Berlin in 1829 and lived there eleven years; not, however, as a musician, but first as an inventor of medical apparatus and then as director of his own orthopaedic institute, which he ran so successfully that he was able to sell it advantageously in 1841 and migrate to Vienna. There he composed his best-known tone-poems, his finest opera 'Estrella di Soria' and the 'Symphonie sérieuse'.

He acquired a considerable reputation and returned to Sweden with high hopes in 1842 but further disappointments awaited him. He went abroad again in 1846 and lived in Paris, north Germany, Salzburg, and Vienna until his final return in 1849. Failing even then to secure either of two important musical appointments, he became manager of a glass factory in north Sweden. In this, and other commercial enterprises during the next ten years or so, Berwald prospered financially and could at last devote all his time to composition. He wrote much chamber music during the eighteen-fifties, but none of it surpasses the String Quartets in A minor and E flat major that he wrote in Vienna in 1849. He composed no symphonies after the 'Singulière' and the E flat (Stockholm, 1845), and only one more opera, 'The Queen of Golconda', in 1864.

The two symphonies and string quartets just

mentioned represent the summit of Berwald's achievement. They display his allegiance to the principles of the Viennese classical school and also his assimilation of later romantic tendencies in their plasticity of form. With their tremendous drive and bold thematic invention they are pervaded by a strong feeling of inevitability. The Symphony in E flat, structurally less closely integrated than the 'Singulière', is in four separate movements. The opening *allegro risoluto* is rich in distinctive themes which are endlessly repeated within a surrounding texture of lively figuration. The ear-haunting second subject, very characteristic of Berwald with its sequentially repeated segments, dominates the development section, hovers above a long-held sub-dominant pedal before the recapitulation, and takes a murmuring farewell in the coda. The tranquil outer sections of the *adagio* (in D major) have a broad melodic sweep in strong contrast to the restless style and fluid tonality of the central episode. The scherzo (in B flat major), which flashes past in alternately staccato and legato scale-wise motion, is preponderantly diatonic in flavour, whereas the trio is mysteriously chromatic. In the explosive finale, the fanfare-like opening subject is banished from the recapitulation to make way for a spacious theme in minims played by the woodwind above an accompaniment of pizzicato strings. It forms an impressive climax, but only temporarily stills the prevailing ferment, which culminates in a long, animated coda.

Each of the string quartets has a short introduction but is a continuous whole, broken only by brief pauses between the several sections in different keys and tempi. The Quartet in E flat, which bears a motto, 'Thought controls emotion', is the more highly organised. It resembles the 'Symphonie singulière' in having a central scherzo doubly enclosed between panels of *adagio* and *allegro*. This arch-shaped structure of the Quartet is by no means symmetrical, as the second panel of the *adagio* and the finale are only condensed versions of the original statements. The thematic substance throughout is strongly marked by the repetition of short rhythmic units, which seems to intensify both the urgency of the quick movements and the contemplative character of the *adagio*. The Beethovenian scherzo is fascinatingly constructed in off-recurring sections, the music of which sounds ever fresh but ever familiar. The whole work is rounded off by a pianissimo paragraph in which the cello makes a last reminiscent allusion to the opening theme.

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for the Housewife

A Guide to Buying Milk

By GEORGE VILLIERS

SEVERAL listeners lately have been asking questions about milk: 'Must it all be T.T.?' 'What is meant by pasteurised milk?' 'What do the different coloured caps signify?', and so on.

I have a list of eight different names or designations of milk. The prices and designations are based on those fixed by the Government for England and South Wales, but most of them apply also to Scotland. A distributor, regarding them, probably has eight different coloured caps to put on the bottles, so that staff can sort them easily. And that is the first thing to remember: the colour of the bottle-cap is no guarantee of the content. Each distributor can and does design its own, and the kind of milk which one firm will, say, a red-and-gold top, may be sold another with a blue-and-silver one.

If you want to buy the sort of milk best suited to your requirements and giving you the best value for your money, you should get to know the official designations, understand something about the processes to which milk is subjected, and know how milk is made up.

The 'quality' of milk can really be judged in two aspects. First, the content, that is the amount of fats—or the cream-line, if you want to simplify it—and the other useful ingredients, proteins, mineral salts, vitamins, growth factors, and so on. The second way of judging quality is by the cleanliness and the steps which are taken to ensure its arrival on your doorstep as a clean, healthy product which today it certainly is. Most of the names of milk come under

this second heading—they describe ways of presenting the milk to you.

But let us look at the first aspect of 'quality'—the cream-line way of judging: is this a good way? Up to a point it is, because if there is plenty of cream, the chances are that there are plenty of useful solids, too. The only way today by which you can be certain of getting a guaranteed amount of cream, and of the solids as well, is by ordering 'Channel Island quality'.

Until recently farmers have been encouraged to produce more and more milk, and there has been a tendency to use cows which do this but, at certain times of the year, the milk from these heavy yielders does get thin, and it is difficult for the creameries, who blend the milk, to maintain a high standard. Steps are being taken by the farmers in conjunction with the Milk Marketing Board and the dairies to improve the contents of ordinary milk.

Next, let us consider the designations. Most of you have some idea of what 'pasteurisation' means: it is a heat process which kills any trace of the germs of certain milk-borne infections and, incidentally, improves the keeping quality of the milk. Ordinary milk—a 'pool' milk—nowadays is all pasteurised, and provides the cheapest grade: pasteurised milk at 7½d. a bottle. Pasteurised T.T., or attested milk, is milk from cows which are regularly tested against tuberculosis, and they are milked and kept under a strict code of sanitary regulations. This milk costs 8d. a bottle. Certified T.T. milk is milk from tested cows, bottled on the farm. It is raw milk, not processed in any

way, and costs 9d. a bottle. The name of the farm should be on the bottle top. Both T.T. attested and T.T. certified milk can be had in Channel Island quality at ½d. extra per pint.

In addition to these, there are other kinds of milk with special qualities, the result of processing techniques—for instance, homogenised milk. This is ordinary 'pool' milk subjected to heat and pressure which breaks down the fat globules. Instead of the cream rising to the top it is evenly distributed throughout the contents. Today's price is 7½d. Then there is sterilised milk. This is homogenised milk subjected to further heat treatment. This renders it sterile or inert and improves the keeping quality. The price is 8d. a bottle.—*Home Service*

Notes on Contributors

PIERRE EMMANUEL (page 825): French poet and broadcaster; author of *Universal Singular*, etc.

JAMES MONAHAN (page 834): Controller, European Services, B.B.C., since 1952; critic and reporter, *The Manchester Guardian*, London office, 1937-39; author of *After Battle* and *Far From the Land* (poems)

SIR JOHN SLESSOR, G.C.B. (page 836): Marshal of the Royal Air Force; Chief of the Air Staff 1950-52; Commandant, Imperial Defence College, 1948-49; C-in-C, Royal Air Force, Mediterranean and Middle East, 1944-45; author of *Strategy for the West*, *Air Power and Armies*

ANTHONY QUINTON (page 845): Lecturer in Philosophy, Oxford University

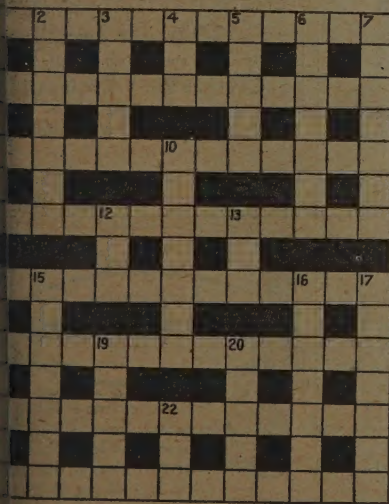
Crossword No. 1,382.

Overlaps—II.

By Babs

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Closing date: first post on Thursday, November 29. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, 10 W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crossword the Editor's decision is final



The thirteen letters of each across light can be split into two words in two ways, giving four words altogether. Thus OUTRANGHEHNA would give OUTRAN, GEHENNA; OUTRANGE, HENNA. The longer words at each end of the light always overlap by two letters. The four words are clued, in any order, in one continuous clue, the numbers in parenthesis indicating the number of letters in the words in the order in which they are clued. Punctuation may be misleading. The example given above might be clued: 'Lawsonia leaves much to be desired; for Beauty, by speed of foot, escaped hell fire beyond (5, 6, 7, 8)'. Clues down are normal.

CLUES—ACROSS

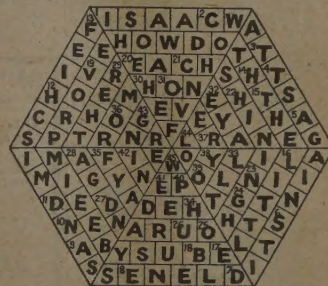
- I'm in a kind of outhouse, no longer drunk. Search for a magistrate. That yellow colour is a sort of arsenic (6, 5, 7, 8).
- There's a heartfelt cry from across the water: A Greek people, obviously addicted to the Hypodorian mode, cut off from the cursive Syriac (3, 5, 8, 10).
- Attic king cuts short mahogany shell (7, 5, 6, 8).
- A capital turn by the chorus, just the thing for middle-aged blades—an ignorant and uncivilised lot (6, 7, 5, 8).
- Juicy mischief over, hell bent for that uncertificated pilot, the coachman's son—spelt the coachman's way (5, 7, 8, 6).
- Short story question: will the mounted policeman in some way garner the new baby? (5, 7, 6, 8).
- Relieved of obligation to the community, the monkey from Indo-China, covered with ivy, turned red in heated jet of water (7, 4, 9, 6).
- Principles staunchly maintained, the prophet makes a profit out of hematical copper carbonate (6, 7, 4, 9).

DOWN

- Quite a bit of a queer cuss, but sound wood at heart (7).
- Element in a crime wave, often a breaker first (7).
- Wash clothes with the feet in a tub—a tub with no

special objective (5). 4. It's just a trick to set up a boring plant (3). 5. Latin there! It's illegal without it (5). 6. Envelop additionally (7). 7. Out of spirits? Try massage, or a shampoo (7). 10. It is smokable, certainly, but there's no point to it (7). 12. A device in which incidence of light alters an electric condition (3). 13. Artificial elevation, e.g., the umbrella on the dome (3). 14. The original Scot who smoothed the way? (7). 15. Describes the noise of the tongue of a gull in distress (7). 16. He takes what is left with a will (7). 17. Rose-red screen (7). 19. And here is Latin too! Perfectly moral, though (5). 20. Get on! (5). 22. This Welshman and his namesake would be the making of the platform (3).

Solution of No. 1,380



NOTES

Author: Isaac Watts.

Lyric: 'Against Idleness and Mischief'.

Verse: How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day
From every opening flower!

Prizewinners: 1st prize: R. W. Payne (Dartford); 2nd prize: W. W. Brown (Manchester, 16); 3rd prize: Mrs. D. M. Payne (London, W.5)

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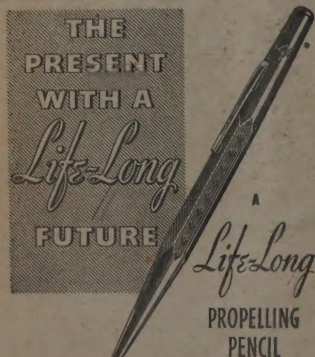
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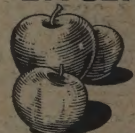


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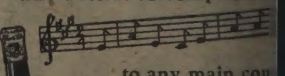
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